8.

THE WOVNDS of Ciuill VVar.

Liuely set forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla.*

As it hath beene publiquely plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants.

VVritten by *Thomas Lodge* Gent.

O Vita! misero longa, fœlici brevis.

LONDON,

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1594.

The moſt Lamentable and true Tragedies of Marius *and Scilla.*

Enter on the Capitoll Sulpitius Tribune: Caius Marius: Q. Pompey Conſull: Iunius Brutus: Lucretius: Caius Granius: Lictorius: Lucius Merula *Iupiters* Prieſt: and Cynna: *whom placed, and their* Lictors *before them with their Rods and Axes*, Sulpitius *beginneth.*

SVLPITIVS TRIBVNE.

GRaue Senators and Fathers of this State,
Our ſtrange protractions & vnkind delays
wher waighty wars doth cal vs out to fight
Our factious wits to pleaſe aſpiring Lords,
You ſee hath added powre vnto our foes,
And hazarded rich *Phrigia* and *Bithinia*,
With all our *Aſian* Holds and Cities too:
Thus *Scilla* ſeeking to be Generall,
(VVho is inueſted in our Conſuls Pall)
Hath forced murders in a quiet State:
The cauſe whereof euen *Pompey* may complaine,
VVho ſeeking to aduance a climing friend,
Hath loſt by death a ſweete and curteous ſonne.
VVho now in *Aſia* but *Mithridates*,
Laughs at theſe fond diſcentions I complaine?
VVhile we in wrangling for a Generall,

Forſake our friends, foreſtall our forward warre,
And leaue our Legions full of dalliance,
VVaighting our idle wills at Capua.
Fie Romaines, ſhall the glories of your names,
The wondrous beauty of this Capitoll,
Periſh through Scillas inſolence and pride,
As if that Rome were robd of true renowne,
And deſtitute of warlike Champions now?
Loe here the man, the rumor of whoſe fame,
Hath made Hiberia tremble and ſubmit;
See Marius that in managing eſtate,
Through many cares and troubles he hath paſt,
And ſpent his youth, vpon whoſe reuerend head
The milke-white pledge of wiſedome ſweetly ſpreds:
He ſixe times Conſul, fit for peace or warre,
Sits drooping here content to brooke diſgrace,
VVho glad to fight through follies of his foes
Sighs for your ſhame whilſt you abide ſecure;
And I that ſee and ſhould recure theſe wrongs,
Through Pompeys late vacation and delay,
Haue left to publiſh him for Generall,
That merites better titles farre than theſe:
But (Nobles) now the finall day is come,
VVhen I your tribune ſtudying for renowne,
Pronounce and publiſh Marius Generall,
To leade our Legions againſt Mithridates,
And craue (graue Fathers) ſignes of your content.

Q. Pomp: Beleeue me Noble Romains, & graue Se-
This ſtrange election, and this new made Law, (nators,
VVill witnes our vnſtable gouernement,
And diſpoſſeſſe Rome of her Emperie;
For although Marius be renownd in Armes,
Famous for proweſſe, and graue in warlike drifts,
Yet may the ſunne-ſhine of his former deeds
Nothing eclipſe our Scillas dignity:
By lot and by election he was made,

Chiefe

Chiefe Generall againſt Mithridates,
And ſhall we then abridge him of that Rule;
Twere iniurie to Scilla and to Rome:
Nor would the height of his all daring minde,
Brooke to the death ſo vile and fowle diſgrace.

Iu. Brutus: VVhy Pompey, as if the Senate had not
To appoint, diſpoſe, & change their Generals: (powre
Rome ſhall belike be bound to Scillas Rule,
VVhoſe haughty pride and ſwelling thoughts puft vp,
Foreſhowes the reaching to prowd *Tarquins* ſtate:
Is not his lingring to our Romaine loſſe
At Capua where he braues it out with feaſts,
Made knowne thinke you vnto the Senate here?
Yes Pompey, yes: and hereof are we ſure
If Romaines State on Scillas pride ſhould lie,
Romes Conqueſts would to Pontus Regions flie:
Therefore graue and renowned Senators,
(Pillers that beare and hold our Rule aloft,
You ſtately, true, and rich Piramides)
Deſcend into the depth of your eſtates,
Then ſhall you finde that Scilla is more fit,
To Rule in Rome domeſticall affaires,
Then haue the Conqueſt of Bithinia,
Which if once got, heele but by death forgoe,
Therefore I ſay Marius our Generall.

Lucretius: Lo thus we ſtriue abroad to win renowne,
And naught regard at home our waning ſtates;
Brutus I ſay the many braue exploits,
The warlike Acts that Scilla hath atchieude,
Showes him a ſouldier and a Romaine too,
Whoſe care is more for Country than himſelfe:
Scilla nill brooke that in ſo many warres,
So hard aduentures and ſo ſtrange extreames,
Hath borne the palme and prize of victory,
Thus with diſhonor to giue vp his charge:
Scilla hath friends and ſouldiers at commaund,

That firſt will make the towres of Rome to ſhake,
And force the ſtately Capitoll to daunce,
Yer any robbe him of his iuſt renowne:
Then we that through the *Caſpian* ſhores haue runne,
And ſpread with ſhips the Orientall Sea,
At home ſhall make a murder of our friends,
And maſſaker our deareſt Countrimen.

Lillo: The powre of *Scilla* nought will vaile gainſt (Rome,
And let me die *Lucretius* ere I ſee,
Our Senate dread for any priuate man,
Therefore Renownd *Sulpitius* ſend for *Scilla* backe,
Let *Marius* leade our men in *Aſia*.

L. Merula: The Law, the Senate wholy doth affirme,
Let *Marius* lead our men in *Aſia*,

Cynna: *Cynna* affirmes the Senates Cenſure iuſt,
And ſaith let Marius leade the Legions forth.

C. Granius: Honor and victory follow *Marius* ſteps,
For him doth *Granius* wiſh to fight for Rome,

Sulpitius: why then you ſage and auncient Syres of (Rome,
Sulpitius here againe doth publiſh forth,
That *Marius* by the Senate here is made,
Chiefe Generall to lead the Legions out,
Againſt *Mithridates* and his Competitors,
Now victory for honor of Rome follow *Marius*.

Here let Marius *rowſe himſelfe.*

Marius: Sage and imperiall Senators of Rome,
Not without good aduiſement haue you ſeene,
Old *Marius* ſilent during your diſcourſe:
Yet not for that he feard to pleade his cauſe,
Or raiſe his honor troden downe by age,
But that his words ſhould not allure his friends,
To ſtand on ſtricter tearmes for his behooſe:
Sixe times the Senate by election hath,
Made *Marius* Conſul ouer warlike Rome,
And in that ſpace nor Rome nor all the world,
Cou'd euer ſay that *Marius* was vntrue,

These siluer haires that hang vpon my face,
Are witnesses of my vnfained zeale,
The *Cymbrians* that yer-while inuaded France,
And held the Romaine Empire in disdaine,
Lay all confounded vnder *Marius* sword,
Fierce *Scipio* the myrrour once of Rome,
whose losse as yet my inward soule bewailes,
Being askt who should succeede and beare his Rule,
Euen this (quod he) shall *Scipios* armour beare,
And therewithall clapt me vpon the backe:
If then graue Lords, my former passed youth,
was spent in bringing Honors into Rome,
Let then my age and latter date of yeares,
Be sealed vp for honor vnto Rome.

Here enter Scilla *with Captaines and Souldiers.*

Sul: *Scilla*, what means these Arms and warlike troops
These glorious Ensignes and these fierce Allarms,
'tis prowdly done to braue the Capitoll.

Scilla: These Armes Sulpitius are not borne for hate,
But maintenance of my confirmed state:
I come to Rome with no seditious thoughts,
Except I finde too froward iniuries.

Sul: But wisedome would you did forbeare,
To yeeld these slight suspitions of contempt,
where as this Senate studieth high affaires.

Scil: what serious matters haue these Lords in hand?

Sul: The Senators with full decree appoint,
Old Marius for their Captaine Generall,
To leade thy Legions into *Asia*,
And fight against the fierce Mithridates.

Scilla: To Marius? Iolly stuffe: why then I see,
Your Lordships meane to make a babe of me.

Iu. Brutus: 'tis true Scilla the Senate hath agreed,
That Marius shall those bands and Legions beare,
which you now hold against Mithridates.

Scil: Marius shall lead them then, if Scilla said not no,

And I ſhall bea Conſuls ſhadow then,
Truſtles Senators and ingratefull Romaines,
For all the Honors I haue done to Rome,
For all the ſpoiles I brought within her walles,
Thereby for to enrich and raiſe her pride,
Repay you me with this ingratitude:
You know vnkinde, that Scillas wounded Helme,
VVas nere hung vp or once diſtaind with ruſt:
The Marcians that before me fell amaine,
And like to winter haile on euery ſide,
Vnto the City Nuba I purſude,
And for your ſakes were thirty thouſand ſlaine:
The Hippinians and the samnits scilla brought,
As Tributaries vnto famous Rome:
I, where did scilla euer draw his ſword,
Or lift his warlike hand aboue his head
For Romaines cauſe but he was Conquerour:
And now (vnthankeful) ſeeke you to diſgrade,
And teare the plumes that scillas ſword hath wonne.
Marius I tell thee scilla is the man,
Diſdaines to ſtoope or vaile his pride to thee;
Marius I ſay thou maiſt nor ſhalt not haue,
The charge that vnto scilla doth belong,
Vnleſſe thy ſword could teare it from my hart,
VVhich in a thouſand folds impalls the ſame.

Marius: And scilla hereof be thou full aſſurde,
The honor whereto mine vndaunted minde,
And this graue senate hath enhaunſed me,
Thou nor thy followers ſhall derogate,
The ſpence of yeares that Marius hath ore-paſt,
In forraine broyles and ciuil mutenies,
Hath taught him this, that one vnbrideled foe,
My former fortunes neuer ſhall oregoe.

scilla: Marius, I ſmile at theſe thy fooliſh words,
And credit me ſhould laugh outright I feare,
If that I knew not how thy froward age,

Doth

Doth make thy ſence as feeble as thy ioynts.
Marius: Scilla, Scilla, Marius yeeres hath taught
Him how to plucke ſo proud a yonkers plumes,
And know theſe haires that dangle downe my face,
In brightnes like the ſiluer Rodope:
Shall add ſo haughtie courage to my minde,
And reſt ſuch percing obiects gainſt thine eies,
That maſkt in follie, age ſhall force thee ſtoope. (ſo,
Scil: And by my hand I ſweare ere thou ſhalt maſe mee.
My ſoule ſhall periſh but Ile haue thy beard,
Say graue Senators ſhall Scilla be your Generall.
Sulpitius: No the Senate, I and Rome her ſelfe agrees.
Ther's none but Marius ſhall be Generall.
Therefore Scilla theſe daring teariues vnfit,
Beſeeme not thee before the Capitoll.
Scilla: Beſeeme not me? Senators aduiſe you,
Scilla hath vowd whoſe vowes the heauens recorde,
VVhoſe othes hath pierſt and ſearcht the deepeſt vaſt,
I and whoſe proteſtations raigne on earth:
This Capitoll wherein your glories ſhine,
VVas nere ſo preſt and thronged with ſcarlet gownes,
As Rome ſhall be with heapes of ſlaughtred ſoules
Before that Scilla yeeld his titles vp,
Ile mate hir ſtreets that peere into the clouds,
Burniſht with gold and Iuorie pillors faire,
Shining with Iaſper, Iet, and Ebonie,
All like the pallace of the morning ſunne,
To ſwim within a ſea of purple blood
Before I looſe the name of Generall.
Mar: Theſe threats againſt thy country and theſe Lords.
Scilla proceeds from forth a Traitors hart,
VVhoſe head I truſt to ſee aduanced vp
On higheſt top of all this Capitoll:
As earſt was manie of thy progenie,
Before thou vaunt thy victories in Rome.
Scilla: Graybeard, if ſo thy hart and tongue agree,

Draw forth thy Legions and thy men at armes,
Reare vp thy ſtanderd and thy ſteeled Creſt,
And meete with Scilla in the fields of Mars,
And trie whoſe fortune makes him Generall.

Marius: I take thy word: Marius will meet thee there,
And proue thee Scilla a Traitor vnto Rome,
And all that march vnder thy traiterous wings,
Therefore they that loue the Senate and Marius
Now follow him.

Scilla: And all that loue Scilla come downe to him,
For the reſt let them follow Marius
And the Diuel himſelfe be their Captaine.

Here let the Senate riſe and caſt away their Gownes, having their ſwords by their ſides: Exit Marius and with him Sulpitius: Iu: Brutus: Lectorius.

Q. Pompey: Scilla, I come to thee.

Lucretius: Scilla, Lucretius will die with thee.

Scilla: Thankes my Noble Lords of Rome.

Here let them goe downe and Scilla offers to goe forth and Anthony calls him backe.

Anthony: Stay Scilla, heare Anthony breath forth,
The pleading, plaints of ſad declining Rome.

Scilla: Anthony, thou knowſt thy hony words doo pierce,
And moue the minde of Scilla to remorſe:
Yet neither words nor pleadings now muſt ſerue,
When as mine honor calls me forth to fight,
Therefore ſweete Anthony be ſhort for Scillas haſt.

Anthony: For Scillas haſt, O whither wilt thou flie?
Tell me my Scilla what doſt thou take in hand?
VVhat warres are theſe thou ſtirreſt vp in Rome?
VVhat fire is this is kindled by thy wrath?
A fire that muſt be quencht by Romaines blood,
A warre that will confound our Emperie,
And laſt an Act of fowle impietie.
Brute beaſts nill breake the mutuall law of loue,
And birds affection will not violate,

The ſenceles trees haue concord mongſt themſelues,
And ſtones agree in linkes of amitie,
If they my Scilla brooke not to haue iarre,
What then are men that gainſt themſelues doo warre?
I hoult ſay my Scilla honor ſtirres thee vp:
Iſt honor to infringe the lawes of Rome?
Thoult ſay perhaps the titles thou haſt wonne,
It were diſhonor for thee to forgoe:
O, is there any height aboue the highe ,
Or any better than the beſt of all?
Art thou not Conſul? Art thou not Lord of Rome?
VVhat greater Tytles ſhould our Scilla haue?
But thou wilt hence, thou wilt fight with Marius
The man, the Senate, Iand Rome hath choſe.
Think this before, thou neuer liftſt aloft,
And letteſt fall thy warlike hand adowne,
But thou doſt raze and wound thy Citie Rome:
And looke how many ſlaughtred ſoules he ſlaine,
Vnder thy Enſignes, and thy conquering Launce,
ſo many murders makeſt thou of thy ſelfe.

Scilla: Inough my Anthony, for thy honied tongue
VVaſht in a ſirrop of ſweete Conſeruatiues,
Driueth confuſed thoughts through scillas minde,
Therfore ſuffize thee, I may nor will not heare,
ſo farewell Anthony, honor calls me hence,
ſcilla will fight for glorie and for Rome.

Exit Scilla and his followers.

Merula: See Noble Anthony the truſtles ſtate of rule,
The ſtayles hold of matchles ſoueraignetie,
Now fortune beareth Rome into the Clowds,
To throw her downe into the loweſt hells,
For they that ſpread her glory through the world,
Are they that teare her prowd triumphant plumes:
The hart-burning pride of prowd *Tarquinius*,
Rooted from Rome the ſway of kingly mace,
And now this diſcord newly ſet abroach,

Shall teare our Consuls and our Senates downe.
Marbury: Vnhappy Rome and Romaines thrise accurst,
That oft with triumphs fild your Citie walls,
VVith kings and conquering Rulers of the world,
Now to eclipse in top of all thy pride,
Through ciuill discords and domesticke broiles:
O Romaines weepe the teares of sad lament,
And rent your sacred Robes at this exchange,
For Fortune makes our Rome a banding ball,
Tost from her hand to take the greater fall.
Gra: O whence proceeds these fowle ambitious thoughts,
That fires mens harts and makes them thirst for Rule:
Hath soueraignty so much bewitcht the minds
Of Romaines: that their former busied cares
VVhich erst did tire in seeking Cities good,
Must now be changd to ruine of her walls?
Must they that reard her stately Temples vp,
Deface the sacred places of their Gods?
Then may we waile and wring our wretched hands,
Sith both our Gods, our temples and our walls,
Ambition makes fell fortunes spightfull thralls. *Exe: all.*

A great Alarum: let young Marius chase Pompey ouer the stage, and old Marius chase Lucretius: Then let enter three or fowre souldiers and his Auncient with his cullors, and Scilla after them with his hat in his hand, they offer to flie away.

Scilla: Why whither flie you Romaines,
VVhat mischiefe makes this flight?
Stay good my friends, stay dearest Countrimen.
1. souldier: Stay let vs heare what our Lord Scilla saith.
Scilla: What wil you leaue your chiefrains Romains then?
And loose your Honors in the gates of Rome?
VVhat shall our Country see, and Scilla rue,
These Coward thoughts so fixt and firmd in you?
VVhat are you come from Capua to proclaime,
Your harties treasons in this happy towne?
VVhat wil you stand and gaze with shamelesse looks,

VVhilst

VVhilſt Marius butchering knife aſſailes our throats?
Are you the men, the hopes, the ſtaies of ſtate?
Are you the ſouldiers preſt for Aſia?
Are you the wondered Legions of the world,
And will you flie theſe ſhadows of reſiſt?
VVell Romaines I will periſh through your pride,
That thought by you to haue returnd in pompe.
And at the leaſt your Generall ſhall proue,
Euen in his death your treaſons and his loue.
Lo this the wreath that ſhall my body binde,
VVhilſt Scilla ſleepes with honor in the field:
And I alone within theſe cullors ſhut,
VVill bluſh your daſtard follies in my death.
So farewell hartles ſouldiers and vntrue,
That leaue your Scilla who hath loued you. *Exit.*

1. ſouldier: VVhy fellow ſouldiers ſhall we flie the field,
And carelesly forſake our Generalle?
VVhat ſhall our vowes conclude with no auaile?
Firſt die ſweete friends, and ſhed your purple blood,
Before you loſe the man that wills you good.
Then to it braue Italians out of hand:
Scilla we come with fierce and deadly blowes,
To venge thy wrongs and vanquiſh all thy foes.

Exeunt to the Alarum.

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Appian ſolus.

Enter Scilla triumphant, Lucretius, Pompey, with ſouldiers.

Scilla: YOu Romaine ſouldiers, fellow mates in Armes,
The blindfold Miſtris of incertaine chaunce,
Hath turnd theſe traiterous climers from the top,
And ſeated Scilla in the chieſeſt place.

The place beseeming Scilla and his minde.
For were the throne where matchles glorie sits,
Empald with furies threatning blood and death,
Begirt with famine and those fatall feares
That dwell below amidst the dreadfull vast:
Tut Scillaes sparkling eyes should dim with cleere
The burning brands of their consuming light,
And master fancie with a forward minde,
And maske repining feare with awfull power.
For men of baser mettall and conceipt
Cannot conceiue the beautie of my thought.
I crowned with a wreath of warlike state,
Imagine thoughts more greater than a crowne,
And yet befitting well a Romane minde.
Then gentle ministers of all my hopes,
That with your swords made way vnto my wish,
Hearken the frutes of your couragious fight,
In spite of all these Romane Basilisks,
That seeke to quell vs with their currish lookes,
We will to Pontus weele haue gold my harts,
Those orientall pearles shall decke our browes:
And you my gentle Irends, you Romane peeres,
Kinde Pompey worthie of a Consulls name,
You shall abide the father of the state,
Whilst these braue lads Lucretius and I,
In spight of all these brauling Senators,
Will, shall, and dare attempt on Asia,
And driue Mithridates from out his doores.

Pomp. I Scilla, these are words of mickle worth,
Fit for the master of so great a minde:
Now Rome must stoop, for Marius and his frends
Haue left their armes, and trust vnto their heeles.

Scilla. But Pompey, if our Spanish Iennets feete
Haue learnt to poast it of their mother winde,
I hope to trip vpon the gray beards heeles,
Till I haue cropt his shoulders from his head.

As for his ſonne, the proud aſpiring boy,
His beardleſſe face and wanton ſmiling browes,
Shall (if I catch him) decke yond Capitoll:
The father, ſonne, the frends, and ſouldiers all,
That fawne on Marius, ſhall with furie fall.
Lucr: And what euent ſhall all theſe troubles bring?
Scilla. This: Scilla in fortune will exceed a king.
But frends and ſouldiers, with diſperſed bands
Goe ſeeke out Marius fond confederates:
some poaſt along thoſe vnfrequented paths,
That trackt by nookes vnto the neighbring ſea:
Murther me Marius, and maintaine my life.
And that his fauorites in Rome may learne
The difference betwixt my fawne and frowne,
Go cut them ſhort,& ſhed their hatefull blood, *Ex. Soul.*
To quench theſe furies of my froward mood.
Lucr. Loe scilla where our senators approach,
Perhaps to gratulate thy good ſucceſſe.

Enter Anthonie, Granius, Lepidus.

Scilla I that perhaps was fitly placed there:
But my Lucretius, theſe are cunning Lords,
VVhoſe tongues are tipt with honnie to deceiue:
As for their hearts, if outward eyes may ſee them,
The diuell ſcarce with miſchiefe might agree them.
Lep. Good fortune to our Conſull, worthy scilla.
Scilla And why not Generall againſt the king of Pontus?
Gran: And generall againſt the king of Pontus.
Scilla. sirrha, your words are good, your thoughts are ill,
Each milke white haire amidſt this mincing beard,
Compard with milions of thy trecherous thoughts,
VVould change their hiew through vigor of thy hate.
But did not pitie make my furie thrall,
This ſword ſhould finiſh hate, thy life and all.
I pre thee Granius, how doth Marius?
Gran: As he that bydes a thrall to thee and fate,
Liuing in hope as I and others doo,

To catch good fortune, and to crosse thee too.
Scilla: Both blunt and bold but too much Mother wit,
To play with fier where furie streames about,
Curtall your tale fond man cut of the rest:
But here I will dissemble for the best.
Granius: Scilla my yeares hath taught me to discerne,
Betwixt ambitious pride and Princely zeale,
And from thy youth these Peeres of Rome haue markt,
A rash reuenging hammer in thy braine,
Thy tongue adornde with flowing eloquence,
And yet I see imprinted in thy browes,
A fortunate but froward gouernaunce.
And though thy riuall Marius mated late,
By backward working of his wretched fate
Is falne, yet Scilla marke what I haue seene
Euen here in Rome the Fencer Spectacus,
Hath bin as fortunate as thou thy selfe:
But when that Crassus sword assayed his creast,
The feare of death did make him droope for woe.
Scilla: You saw in Rome this brawling fencer die,
VVhen Spectacus by Crassus was subdewd:
VVhy so, but sir I hope you will applie,
And say like Spectacus that I shall die?
Thus peeuish eld discoursing by a fire,
Amidst their cups will prate how men aspire:
Is this the greeting Romanes that you giue,
Vnto the Patron of your Monarchie?
Lucretius shall I play a prettie iest.
Lucre: VVhat Scilla will, what Romane dare withstand?
Scilla: A briefe and pleasing answere by my head,
VVhy tell me Granius dost thou talke in sport?
Granius: No Scilla my discourse is resolute,
Not coynd to please thy fond and cursed thoughts:
For were my tongue betraide with pleasing words,
To feed the humors of thy haughty mind:
I rather wish the rot should roote it out.

Scilla:

Scilla: The braueſt brawler that I euer heard,
But ſouldiers ſince I ſee he is oppreſt
With crooked choller, and our Artiſts teach,
That fretting blood will preſſe through opened veines,
Let him that hath the keeneſt ſword arreſt,
The gray-beard and cut off his head in ieſt.
Souldiers lay hands on Granius.

Granius: Is this the guerdon then of good aduiſe?

Scilla: No but the meanes to make fond men more wiſe.
But I haue wit, and carry warlike tooles,
To charme the ſcolding prate of wanton fooles.
Tell me of Fencers and a tale of Fate?
No, scilla thinkes of nothing but a ſtate.

Granius: Why scilla I am armd the worſt to trie.

Scilla: I pray thee then Lucretius let him die.

Exeunt with Granius.

Beſhrow me Lords but in this iolly vaine,
'Twere pitty but the prating foole were ſlaine:
I feare me Pluto will be wroth with me,
For to detaine ſo graue a man as he.

Anthony: But ſeeke not ſcilla in this quiet ſtate,
To worke reuenge vpon an aged man,
A ſenator, a ſoueraigne of this towne.

scilla: The more the Cedar climes the ſooner downe,
And did I thinke the prowdeſt man in Rome,
Would winch at that which I haue wrought or done,
I would and can controwle his inſolence.
Why ſenators, is this the true reward,
Wherewith you anſwere Princes for their paine,
As when this ſword hath made our Citie free,
A brauing mate ſhould thus diſtemper mee?
But Lepidus and fellow ſenators,
I am reſolude and will not brooke your taunts,
Who wrongeth scilla, let him looke for ſtripes.

Marke Anthony: But the milder paſſions ſhow the man;
For as the leafe doth beautifie the tree,

The pleasant flowres bedecke the painted spring,
Euen so in men of greatest reach and powre,
A milde and piteous thought augments renowne:
Old Anthony did neuer see my Lord,
A swelling showre that did continue long,
A climing towre that did not tast the wind,
A wrathfull man not wasted with repent.
I speake of loue my Scilla, and of ioy
To see how fortune lends a pleasant gale,
Vnto the spreading sailes of thy desires:
And louing thee must counsaile thee withall,
For as by cutting fruitfull vines increase,
So faithfull counsailes workes a Princes peace.

Scilla: Thou hony talking father speake thy minde.

Anthony: My Scilla scarce those teares are dried vp,
That Romaine Matrons wept to see this warre:
Along the holy streets the hideous grones,
Of murthered men infect the weeping aire:
Thy foes are fled not ouertaken yet,
And doubtfull is the hazard of this warre:
Yea doubtfull is the hazard of this warre,
For now our Legions draw their wastfull swords,
To murther whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
To conquer whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
Then if that Scilla loue these Citizens,
If care of Rome, if threat of forraine foes,
If fruitfull counsailes of thy forward friends
May take effect, goe fortunate and driue,
The king of Pontus out of Asia,
Least while we dreame on ciuill mutenies,
Our wary foes assaile our Citie walls.

Pompey: My long concealed thoughts Marke Anthony,
Must seeke discouerie through thy pliant words:
Beleeue me Scilla ciuill mutenies,
Must not obscure thy glories and our names:
Then sith that factious Marius is suppresst,

Goe

Goe ſpread thy colours midſt the Aſian fields,
Meane while my ſelfe will watch this Cities weale.
Scilla: Pompey I know thy loue, I marke thy words,
And Anthony thou haſt a pleaſing vaine,
But ſenators I hammer in my head,
With euery thought of honor ſome reuenge:
Enter Lucretius with the head.
Speake what ſhall Scilla be your Generall?
Lepidus: We doo decree that Scilla ſhall be Generall:
Scilla: And wiſh you Scillas weale and honour too?
Anthony: We wiſh both Scillas weale and honor too:
Scilla: Then take away the ſcandall of this ſtate,
Baniſh the name of Tribune out of towne,
Proclaime falſe Marius and his other friends,
Foe men and traitors to the ſtate of Rome,
And I will wend and worke ſo much by force,
As I will maſter falſe Mithridates,
Lepidus: The name of Tribune hath continued long,
Scilla: So ſhall not Lepidus if he withſtand me.
Sirra you ſee the head of Granius,
Watch you his hap vnleſſe you change your words,
Pompey now pleaſe me Pompey graunt my ſute.
Pompey: Lictors proclaime this our vndanted doome,
we will that Marius and his wretched ſonnes,
His friends Sulpitius, Claudius and the reſt
Beheld for traytors, and acquit the men
That ſhall endanger there vnluckie lines,
And henceforth Tribunes name and ſtate ſhall ceaſe,
Graue Senators how like you this decree?
Lepidus: Euen as our Conſulls wiſh, ſo let it be,
Scilla: Then Lepidus all friends in faith for me.
So leaue I Rome to Pompey and my friends,
Reſolud to manage thoſe our Aſian warres,
Frolike braue Souldiers wee muſt foote it now,
Lucretius you ſhall bide the brunt with me,
Pompey farewell, and farewell Lepidus.

Marke Anthony I leaue thee to thy books,
study for Rome and scillas Royaltie.
But by my sword I wrong this graybeards head,
Goe sirra place it on the Capitoll:
A iust promotion fit for scillaes toe.
Lordings farewell, come souldiers let vs goe. *Exit.*

Pompey: scilla farewell and happy be thy chaunce,
VVhole warre both Rome and Romaines must aduaunce.

Exeunt senators.

Enter the Magistrates of Minturnum with Marius very melancholie, Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanius with some attendants.

Pausanius: My Lord the course of your vnstaied fate,
Made weake through that your late vnhappie fight,
VVithdrawes our wills that faine would worke your weale:
For long experience and the change of times,
The innocent suppressions of the iust
In leaning to forsaken mens reliefe,
Doth make vs feare lest our vnhappie towne,
should perish through the angrie Romaines sword.

Marius: Lords of Minturnum when I shapd my course,
To flie the danger of pursuing death,
I left my friends, and all alone attaind
(In hope of succors) to this little towne,
Relying on your curtesies and truth.
VVhat sooliish feare doth then amaze you thus?

Fauorinus: O Marius, thou thy self, thy sonne, thy friends,
Are banished and exiles out of Rome,
Proclaimd for traitors, reft of your estates,
Adiudgde to death with certaine warrantize.
should then so small a towne my Lord as this,
Hazard their fortunes to supplie your wants?

Marius: VVhy Citizens, and what is Marius?
I tell you not so base as to dispaire,
Yea able to withstand ingratitudes.

Tell me of fooliſh lawes decreede at Rome,
To pleaſe the angrie humors of my foe:
Beleeue me Lords I know and am aſſurde,
That magnanimitie can neuer feare,
And fortitude ſo conquer ſilly fate,
As scilla when he hopes to haue my head,
May hap ere long on ſodaine loſe his owne.
Pauſanius: A hope beſeeming Marius, but I feare,
Too ſtrange to haue a ſhort and good euent.
Marius: VVhy ſir Pauſanius haue not you beheld,
Campania plaines fulfild with greater foes,
Than is that wanton milke-ſop natures ſcorne.
Baſe minded men to liue in perfect hope,
VVhoſe thoughts are ſhut within your cottage eues,
Refuſe not Marius that muſt fauour you:
For theſe are parts of vnaduiſed men,
VVith preſent feare to loſe a perfect friend,
That can, will, may controwle, commaund, ſubdue,
That brauing boy that thus bewitcheth you.
Fauorinus: How gladly would we ſuccour you my Lord,
But that we feare.
Marius: VVhat? the Moone-ſhine in the water.
Thou wretched ſtepdame of my fickle ſtate,
Are theſe the guerdons of the greateſt minds,
To make them hope and yet betray their hap,
To make them clime to ouerthrow them ſtraight?
Accurſt thy wreake, thy wrath, thy bale, thy wheele,
That makſt me ſigh the ſorrowes that I feele.
Vntroden paths my feete ſhall rather trace,
Than wreſt my ſuccours from inconſtant hands.
Rebounding Rocks ſhall rather ring my ruth,
Than theſe Campanian piles where terrors bide.
And nature that hath lift my throne ſo hie,
Shall witnes Marius triumphs if he die.
But ſhee that gaue the Lictors rod and axe,
To wait my ſixe times Conſulſhip in Rome,

will not pursue where erst she flattered so,
Minturnum then farewell for I must goe,
But thinke for to repent you of your no.
Pansa: Nay stay my Lord and daine in priuate here,
To waight a message of more better worth,
Your age and trauels must haue some releefe,
And be not wroth, for greater men than we
Haue feared Rome and Romaine tirranie.
Marius: You talke it now like men confirmde in faith,
well let me trie the fruits of your discourse,
For care my minde and paine my bodie wrongs.
Pausanius: Then Fauorinus shut his Lordship vp,
within some secret chamber in the state,
Meane while we will consult to keepe him safe,
And worke some secret meanes for his supplie.
Marius: Be trustie Lords, if not I can but die. *Exit Ma.*
Pausanius: Poore haples Romaine, little wottest thou,
The wearie end of thine oppressed life.
Lucius: Why my Pausanius, what imports these words?
Pausanius: Oh Lucius age hath printed in my thoughts,
A memorie of many troubles past,
The greatest townes and Lords of Asia,
Haue stood on tickle tearmes through simple truth,
The Rhodian records weil can witnes this.
Then to preuent our meanes of ouerthrow,
Finde out some stranger that may sodainely,
Enter the chamber where as Marius lies,
And cut him short, the present of whose head
Shall make the Romanes praise vs for our truth,
And Scilla prest to graunt vs priuiledge.
Lucius: A barbarous act to wrong the men that trust,
Pausanius: In Countries cause in iustice proueth iust.
Come Lucius let not sillie thought of right,
Subiect our Citie to the Romaines might:
For why you know in Marius onely end,
Rome will reward and Scilla will be frend,

Lucius.

Lucius: Yet all succeſſions will vs diſcommend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marius the younger: Cethegus: Lectorius with other Romaine Lords and ſouldiers.

Young Marius: The wayward Ladie of this wicked world.
That leads in luckles triumph wretched men,
My Romaine friends hath forced our deſires,
And framde our minds to brooke too baſe reliefe.
VVhat land or Libian deſert is vnſought,
To finde my father Marius and your friend:
Yea they whom true relent could neuer touch,
Theſe fierce Numidians hearing our miſhaps,
VVeepe flouds of mone to waile our wretched fates.
Thus we that erſt with terrors did attaint,
The Bactrian bounds and in our Romaine warres,
Enforſt the barbarous borderers of the Alpes,
To tremble with the terrors of our looks.
Now flie poore men affrighted with our harmes,
Seeking amidſt the deſert rocks and dens,
For him that whilom in our Capitoll,
Euen with a becke commaunded Aſia.
Thou wofull ſonne of ſuch a famous man,
Vnſheath thy ſword, conduct theſe warlike men
To Rome, vnhappie Miſtris of our harmes:
And there ſince tyrants powre hath thee oppreſt,
And robd thee of thy father, friends and all,
So die vndaunted, killing of thy foes,
That were the offspring of theſe wretched woes.

Lectorius: VVhy how now Marius, will you mate vs thus,
That with content aduenture for your loue?
VVhy Noble youth reſolue your ſelfe on this,
That ſonne and father both haue friends in Rome
That ſeeke olde Marius reſt and your reliefe.

Marius: Lectorius, friends are geaſon now adaies,
And grow to fume before they taſt the fire:
Aduerſities bereauing mans auailes,
They flie like feathers dallying in the winde,

They

They riſe like bubbles in a ſtormie raine,
Swelling in words and flying faith and deedes.
Cethegus: How fortunate art thou my louely Lord,
That in thy youth maiſt reape the fruits of age,
And hauing loſt occaſions hold-faſt now,
Maiſt learne hereafter how to entertaine her well:
But ſodaine hopes doo ſwarme about my hart,
Be merry Romaines ſee where from the Coaſt,
A wearie meſſenger doth poaſt him faſt.
Enter Cinnas ſlaue with a letter incloſed poſting in haſt.
Lectorius: It ſhould be Cinnas ſlaue or eis I erre,
For in his forhead I behold the ſcar,
Wherewith he marketh ſtill his barbarous ſwaines.
Marius: Oh ſtay him good Lectorius for me ſeeme,
His great poſt haſt ſome pleaſure ſhould preſent.
Lectorius: Sirra art thou of Rome?
Slaue: Perhaps Sir no?
Lectorius: VVithout perhaps ſay Sirra is it ſo?
Slaue: This is Lectorius Marius friend I trow,
Yet were I beſt to learne the certainetie,
Leſt ſome diſſembling foes ſhould me diſcry.
Marius: Sirra leaue off this fooliſh dalliance,
Leſt with my ſword I wake you from your trance.
ſlaue: Oh happie man, Oh labours well atchieude,
How hath this chance my wearie lims reuiude:
Oh Noble Marius, Oh Princelie Marius.
Marius: what meanes this Peſant by his great reioice.
ſlaue: Oh worthy Romaine, many months haue paſt,
Since Cinna now the Conſul and my Lord,
Hath ſent me forth to ſeeke thy friends and thee:
All Libia with our Romaine Preſidents,
Numidia full of vnfrequented waies,
Theſe wearie limbs haue troad to ſeeke you out,
And now occaſion pitying of my paines,
I late arriude vpon this wiſhed ſhore,
Found out a Sailer borne in Capua,

That

That told me how your Lordſhip paſt this way.
Marius: A happie labor worthie ſome reward.
How fares thy maſter? whats the newes at Rome?
Slaue. Pull out the pike from off this iauelin top,
And there are tidings for theſe Lords and thee.
Marius: A pollicie beſeeming *Cynna* well:
Lectorius read, and breake theſe letters vp.

Letters.
To his honourable frend Marius the yonger greeting.

BEing Conſull (for the welfare both of father and ſonne, with other thy accomplices) I haue vnder an honeſt policie ſince my inſtalment in the Conſulſhip, cauſed all Scillas frends that were indifferent with the other neighbring Cities to reuolt: Octauius my fellow Conſull with the reſt of the Senate miſtruſting me, and hearing how I ſought to vnite the old Citizens with the new, hath wrought much trouble, but to no effect. I hope the ſouldiers of Capua ſhall follow our faction, for Scilla hearing of theſe hurly-burlies is haſting homeward verie fortunate in his warres againſt Mithridates. And it is to be feared, that ſome of his frends here haue certified him of my proceedings, and purpoſe to reſtore you. Cethegus and Lectorius I heare ſay are with you. Cenſorinus and Albinouanus will ſhortly viſit you. Therefore haſt and ſeeke out your father, who is now as I heare about Minturnum. Leuie what power you can with all expedition, and ſtay not. Rome the 5. Kalends of December.

Your vnfained frend,
Cinna Conſull.

Marius: Yea Fortune, ſhall yong Marius clime aloft,
Then woe to my repining foes in Rome,
And if I liue (ſweete Queene of change) thy ſhrines,
Shall ſhine with beautie midſt the Capitoll,

Lectorius, tell me what were beſt be done.

Lector: To ſea my Lord, ſeeke your warlike Sire,
Send backe this peſant with your full pretence,
And thinke alreadie that our paines haue end,
Since Cynna with his followers is your frend.

Marius: Yea Romanes we will furrow through the ſome
Of ſwelling flouds, and to the ſacred twins
Make ſacrifice to ſhield our ſhips from ſtormes.
Follow me Lords, come gentle meſſenger,
Thou ſhalt haue gold and glorie for thy paines. *Exeunt.*

Finis ſecundi Acti.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Cynna, Octauius, Anthonius, Lictors, Citizens.

Cyn: VPbraiding Senators bewitcht with wit,
That terme true iuſtice innouation:
You miniſters of Scillas mad conceipts,
Will Conſulls thinke you ſtoope to your controules?
Theſe yonger Citizens, my fellow Lords,
Bound to maintaine both Marius and his ſonne,

Craue

Craue but their due, and will be held as good
For priuiledge, as those of elder age:
For they are men conformd to feats of armes,
That haue both wit and courage to commaund.
These fauorites of Octauius, what with age
And palsies shake their iauelins in their hands,
Like hartlesse men attainted all with feare:
And should they then ouer-top the youth.
No, nor this Consull, nor Marke Anthonie,
Shall make my followers faint, or loose their right,
But I will haue them equall with the best.

M. An: Why then the Senates name (whose reuerence
Hath blazd our vertues midst the Westerne Ile)
Must be obscurde by Cynnas forced powre.
O Citizens, are lawes of Countrey left?
Is iustice banisht from this Capitoll?
Must we poore fathers see your trooping bands
Enter the sacred Synode of this state.
Oh brutish fond presumptions of this age,
Rome would the mischiefes might obscure my life.
So I might counsaile Consulls to be wise.
VVhy Countri-men wherein consists this strife?
Forsooth the yonger Citizens will rule,
The old mens heads are dull and addle now:
And in elections youth will beare the sway?
O Cynna, see I not the wofull fruits
Of these ambitious stratagems begun,
Each flattring tongue that dallieth pretie words,
Shall change our fortunes and our states at once.
Had I ten thousand tongues to talke the care,
So manie eyes to weepe their wofull misse,
So manie pennes to write these manie wrongs:
My tongue your thoughts, my eyes your teares shuld moue,
My pen your paines by reasons should approue.

Cynna: VVhy Anthonie, seale vp those sugred lips,
For I will bring my purpose to effect.

Anth: Doth *Cynna* like to interrupt me then?
Cynna: I *Cynna* sir, will interrupt you now,
I tell thee *Marke*, old *Marius* is at hand,
The verie patron of this happie law,
VVho will reuenge thy cunning eloquence.
Ma. An: I talke not I to please or him or thee,
But what I speake, I thinke and practise too:
Twere better Scilla learnt to mend in Rome,
Than Marius come to tyrannize in Rome.
Octa: Nay Marius shall not tyrannize in Rome.
Old Citizens, as Scilla late ordaind,
King Tullius lawes shall take their full effect,
The best and aged men shall in their choice,
Both beare the day and firme election.
Cynna: Oh braue Octauius you will beard me then,
The elder Consull and old Marius frend,
And these Italian freemen must be wrongd.
First shall the frute of all thine honors faile,
And this my ponyard shall dispatch thy life.
Lepid. Such insolence was neuer seene in Rome:
Nought wanteth here but name to make a King.
Octa: Strike villaine if thou list, for I am prest,
To make as deepe a furrow in thy brest.
Yong Cit: The yong mens voices shal preuaile my lords.
Old Cit: And we will firme our honors by our blouds.

Thunder.

Anth: O false ambitious pride in yong and old:
Harke how the heauens our follies hath contrould.
Old Cit: What shall we yeeld for this religious feare?
Anth: If not religious feare, what may represse
These wicked passions, wretched Citizens.
O Rome, poore Rome, vnmeet for these misdeedes,
I see contempt of heauens will breed a crosse:
Sweete Cynna gouerne rage with reuerence.

Thunder.

O fellow Citizens, be more aduisde.

Lepid.

Lepid. VVe charge you Conſulls now diſſolue the Court
The Gods contemne this brawle and ciuill iarres.
Oct: We will ſubmit our honors to their wills:
You ancient Citizens come follow mee.
Exit Octauius, with him Anthonie & Lepidus.
Cynna: High Ioue himſelfe hath done too much for thee,
Els ſhould this blade abate thy royaltie.
VVell yong Italian Citizens take hart,
He is at hand that will maintaine your right:
That entring in theſe fatall gates of Rome,
Shall make them tremble that diſturbe you now.
You of Prencſte and of Formiæ,
VVith other neighbring Cities in Campania,
Prepare to entertaine and ſuccor Marius.
Citizen: For him we liue, for him we meane to die. *Exe.*

Enter old Marius *with his keeper, & two ſouldiers.*

Marius: Haue theſe Minturnians then ſo cruelly,
Preſumd ſo great iniuſtice gainſt their frends?
Iailer: I *Marius*, all our Nobles haue decreed
To ſend thy head a preſent vnto Rome.
Marius: A Tantals preſent it will proue my frend,
VVhich with a little ſmarting ſtreſſe will end
Old Marius life, when Rome it ſelfe at laſt,
Shall rue my loſſe, and then reuenge my death.
But tell me Iailer, couldſt thou be content,
In being Marius for to brooke this wrong.
Iailer: The high eſtate your Lordſhip once did wield,
The manie frends that fawnd when fortune ſmild,
Your great promotions, and your mightie welth:
Theſe (were I Marius) would amate me ſo,
As loſſe of them would vexe me more than death.
Marius: Is Lordſhip then ſo great a bliſſe my frend?
Iailer: No title may compare with princely rule.
Marius: Are frends ſo faithfull pledges of delight?

Iailer: VVhat better comforts than are faithfull frends?
Marius: Is welth a meane to lengthen liues content?
Iai: VVhere great possessions bide, what care can tutch?
Marius: These stales of fortune are the common plagues
That still mislead the thoughts of simple men.
The shepheard swaine that midst his country cote,
Deludes his broken slumbers by his toyle,
Thinkes Lordship sweete, where care with lordship dwelt
The trustfull man that builds on trothles vowes,
VVhose simple thoughts are crost with scornfull nayes,
Together weepes the losse of welth and frend:
So Lordship, frends, welth, spring and perish fast,
VVhere death alone yeelds happie life at last.
O gentle gouernor of my contents,
Thou sacred chieftaine of our Capitoll,
VVho in thy christall orbes with glorious gleames,
Lendst lookes of pitie mixt with maiestie,
See wofull Marius careful for his sonne,
Careless of lordship, welth or worldly meanes,
Content to liue, yet liuing still to die:
VVhose nerues and veynes, whose sinewes by the sword
Must loose their workings through distempering stroake:
But yet whose minde in spight of fate and all,
Shall liue by fame although the bodie fall.
Iail: VVhy mourneth Marius this recureless chance?
Mar: I pre thee Iailer wouldst thou gladly die?
Iail: If needes, I would.
Mar: Yet were you loath to trie.
Iail: VVhy noble Lord, when goods, frends, fortune faile
VVhat more than death might wofull man auaile?
Mar: VVho calls for death (my frend) for all his scornes,
VVith Aesops slaue will leaue his bush of thornes.
But since these traitrous Lords will haue my head,
Their Lordships here vpon this homely bed,
Shall finde me sleeping, breathing forth my breath,
Till they their shame, and I my fame attaine by death.

Liue gentle Marius to reuenge my wrong,
And ſirrha ſee they ſtay not ouer-long.
For he that earſt hath conquered kingdomes many,
Diſdaines in death to be ſubdude by anie.

He lies downe.

Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Panſanius, with Pedro a French-man.

Iail: The moſt vndanted words that euer were.
The mightie thoughts of his imperious minde,
Do wound my hart with terror and remorſe.

Panſ: Tis deſperate, not perfect noblenes.
For to a man that is prepard e to die,
The heart ſhould rent, the ſleepe ſhould leaue the eye:
But ſay Pedro, will you doo the deed?

Pedr: Mon monſieurs per la ſang dieu, mee will make a trou ſo large in ce belly, dat he ſal cry hough come vne porceau. Featre de lay, il a true mefad. e, hee kill my modre. Faith a my trote mon eſpee: tera le fay dun ſoldat, Sau, ſau, Ieieuera, come il founta pary, me will make a ſpitch-cocke of his perſona.

Fauor: If he haue ſlaine thy father and thy frends,
The greater honor ſhall betide the deed:
For to reuenge on righteous eſtimate,
Beſeemes the honor of a French mans name.

Pedro: Mes meſsiers, de fault auoir argent, me no point de argent, no point kill Marius.

Pauſ: Thou ſhalt haue forty crowns, wil that content thee?

Pedro: Quarante eſcus, per le pied de Madam, me giue more dan foure to ſe prettie damoſele, dat haue le dulces tettinos, le leures cymbrines. *Oh* they be fines.

Fauorinus: Great is the hire and little is the paine,
Make therefore quicke diſpatch, and looke for gaine.
See where he lies in drawing on his death,

VVhoſe

VVhoſe eies by gentle ſlumber ſealed vp,
Preſent no dreadfull viſions to his hart.

Pedro: Bien monſieur, le demourera content. Maries tu es mort. Speake dy preres in dy ſleepe, for me ſall cut off your head from your eſpaules before you wake. Qui es ſtia, what kinde a man be dis.

Fauor: VVhy what delaies are theſe, why gaze ye thus?

Pedr: Noſtre dame, Ieſu eſtiene, oh my ſniors der be a great diable in ce eies, qui dart de flame, and with de voice d'un beare, cries out, Villaine dare you kill Marius. Ie tremble: aida me ſiniors, autrement I ſhall be murdred.

Pauſ. VVhat ſodaine madnes daunts this ſtranger thus?

Pedro: Oh me no can kill Marius, me no dare kill Marius: adieu meſſiers, me be dead ſi ie touche Marius, Marius eſt vne diable. Ieſu Maria ſaua moy. *Exit fugiens.*

Pauſ. VVhat furie haunts this wretch on ſodaine thus?

Fauor: Ah my Pauſanius I haue often heard,
That yonder Marius in his infancie
VVas borne to greater fortunes than we deeme:
For being ſcarce from out his cradle crept,
And ſporting pretely with his compeeres,
On ſodaine ſeuen yong Eagles ſoard amaine,
And kindly pearcht vpon his tender lap.
His parents wondring at this ſtrange euent,
Tooke counſaile of the Southſaiers in this,
VVho told them that theſe ſeuen-fold Eagles flight,
Forefigured his ſeuen times Conſulſhip:
And we our ſelues (except bewitcht with pride)
Haue ſeene him ſixe times in the Capitoll
Accompanyd with rods and axes too.
And ſome diuine inſtinct ſo preſſeth mee,
That ſore I tremble till I ſet him free.

Pauſ: The like aſſaults attaint my wandring minde.
Seeing our bootleſſe warre with matchleſſe fate,
Let vs intreat him to forſake our towne,
So ſhall we gaine a frend of Rome and him:

Marius awaketh.

But marke how happely he doth awake.
Mar: What, breath I yet pore man, with mounting sighs
Choaking the riuers of my restlesse eies?
Or is their rage restraind with matchlesse ruth?
See how amazd these angrie Lords behold
The poore confused lookes of wretched Marius.
Minturnians why delaies your headsman thus
To finish vp this ruthfull tragedie?
Fauorinus: Far be it Marius from our thoughts or hands
To wrong the man protected by the Gods:
Liue happie (Marius) so thou leaue our towne.
Marius: And must I wrestle once againe with fate?
Or will these Princes dally with mine age?
Pansan: No matchles Romane, thine approued minde
That earst hath altred our ambitious wrong
Must flourish still, and we thy seruants liue
To see thy glories like the swelling tides
Exceed the bounds of Fate and Romane rule.
Yet leaue vs Lord, and seeke some safer shed,
Where more secure thou maist preuent mishaps:
For great pursuits and troubles thee awaite.
Marius: Ye piteous powres that with successfull hopes,
And gentle counsailes thwart my deepe dispaires:
Olde Marius to your mercies recommends
His hap, his life, his hazard and his sonne.
Minturnians, I will hence, and you shall flie
Occasions of those troubles you expect.
Dreame not on dangers that haue saud my life:
Lordings adieu, from walls to woods I wend,
To hills, dales, rockes, my wrong for to commend. *Exit.*
Fauor: Fortune vouchsafe thy manie cares to end. *Exe.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Scilla in triumph in his chare triumphant of gold, drawen by foure Moores, *before the chariot: his colours, his creſt, his captaines, his priſoners:* Arcathius *Mithridates ſon,* Ariſtion, Archelaus, *bearing crownes of gold, and manacled. After the chariot, his ſouldiers bands,* Baſillus, Lucretius, Lucullus: *beſides priſoners of diuers Nations, and ſundry diſguiſes.*

Scilla: You men of Rome, my fellow mates in Armes,
VVhoſe three yeares proweſſe, pollicie, and warre,
One hundreth three ſcore thouſand men at Armes
Hath ouerthrowne and murthered in the field:
VVhoſe valours to the Empire hath reſtorde,
All Grecia, Aſia, and Ionia,
VVith Macedonia ſubiect to our foe:
You ſee the froward cuſtomes of our ſtate,
VVho meaſuring not our many toiles abroad,
Sit in their Cells imagining our harmes,
Repleniſhing our Romaine friends with feare.
Yea, Scilla worthy friends, whoſe fortunes, toiles,
And ſtratagems theſe ſtrangers may report,
Is by falſe Cynna and his factious friends.
Reuilde, condemnde, and croſt without a cauſe.
Yea (Romaines) Marius muſt returne to Rome,
Of purpoſe to vpbraid your Generall.
But this vndaunted minde that neuer droopt:
This forward bodie formd to ſuffer toile,
Shall haſt to Rome where euerie foe ſhall rue,
The raſh diſgrace both of my ſelfe and you:

Lucretius: And may it be that those seditious braines,
Imagine these presumptuous purposes?
Scilla: And may it be? why man and wilt thou doubt,
VVhere Scilla daines these dangers to auert?
Sirrha except not so, misdoubt not so,
See here Ancharius letters reade the lines,
And say Lucretius that I fauour thee,
That darest but suspect thy Generall.

Read the letters and deliuer them.

Luer: The case concealed hath moued the more misdoubt,
Yet pardon my presumptions worthy Scilla,
That to my griefe haue read these hideous harmes.
Scilla: Tut my Lucretius, fortunes ball is tost,
To forme the storie of my fatall powre:
Rome shall repent, babe, mother, shall repent,
Aire weeping clowdie sorrowes shall repent,
vvind breathing many sighings shall repent
To see those stormes concealed in my brest,
Reflect the hideous flames of their vnrest:
But words are vaine, and cannot quell our wrongs,
Briefe periods serue for them that needs must post it.
Lucullus since occasion calls me hence,
And all our Romaine senate thinke it meete,
That thou pursue the warres I haue begun,
As by their letters I am certified,
I leaue thee Fimbrias Legions to conduct,
vvith this prouiso, that in ruling still,
You thinke on Scilla and his curtesies.
Lucullus: The waightie charge of this continued warre,
Though strange it seeme, and ouer great to wield,
I will accept if so the Armie please.
Souldiers: Happie & fortunate be Lucullus our Generall.
Scilla: If he be Scillas friend, els not at all:
For otherwise the man were ill bested,
That gaining glories straight should lose his head.
But souldiers since I needly must to Rome,

Basillus vertues shall haue recompence.
Lo here the wreath Valerius for thy paines,
VVho first didst enter Archilous trench:
This pledge of vertue firrha shall approue,
Thy vertues, and confirme me in thy loue.
Basillus: Happie be Scilla, if no foe to Rome.
Scilla: I like no iffs from such a simple groome,
I will be happie in despite of state,
And why? because I neuer feared fate.
But come Arcathius for your fathers sake,
Enioyne your fellow Princes to their taskes,
And helpe to succour these my wearie bones.
Tut blush not man, a greater state than thou,
Shall pleasure Scilla in more baser sort.
Aristion is a iolly timberd man,
Fit to conduct the chariot of a King.
VVhy be not squeamish, for it shall goe hard,
But I will giue you all a great reward.
Arcath: Humbled by fate like wretched men we yeeld
Scilla: Arcathius these are fortunes of the field.
Beleeue me these braue Captyues draw by art,
And I will thinke vpon their good desart.
But stay you strangers, and respect my words,
Fond hartles men, what folly haue I seene:
For feare of death can Princes entertaine
Such bastard thoughts, that now from glorious armes
Vouchsafe to draw like oxen in a plough.
Arcathius I am sure Mithridates
VVill hardly brooke the scandall of his name:
Twere better in Picæo to haue died
Aristion, than amidst our legions thus to draw.
Aristion: I tell thee Scilla, captiues haue no choice,
And death is dreadfull to a caytiue man.
Scilla: In such imperfect mettals as is yours,
But Romanes that are still allurde by fame,
Chuse rather death than blemish of their name,

But I haue haſt, and therefore will reward you.
Goe ſouldiers, with as quicke diſpatch as may be,
Haſten their death, and bring them to their end,
And ſay in this that Scilla is your frend.
Arcathius: Oh ranſome thou our liues ſweet conquero-
Scilla: Fie fooliſh men, why flie you happines,
Deſire you ſtill to lead a ſeruile life.
Dare you not buy delights with little paines.
VVell, for thy fathers ſake Arcathius,
I will preferre thy triumphs with the reſt.
Goe take them hence, and when we meete in hell,
Then tell me Princes if I did not well.

Exeunt milites.

Lucullus, thus theſe mightie foes are downe,
Now ſtriue thou for the king of Pontus crowne.
I will to Rome, goe thou, and with thy traine,
Purſue Mithridates till he be ſlaine.
Lucul: VVith fortunes help, go calme thy countries woes
VVhilſt I with theſe ſeeke out our mightie foes.

Enter Marius ſolus from the Numidian mountaines, feeding on rootes.

Mar: pat: Thou that haſt walkt with troops of flocking (frends,
Now wandreſt midſt the laborynth of woes,
Thy beſt repaſt with manie ſighing ends,
And none but fortune all theſe miſchiefes knowes.
Like to theſe ſtretching mountaines clad with ſnow,
No ſun-ſhine of content my thoughts approcheth:
High ſpyre their tops, my hopes no height do know,
But mount ſo high as time their tract reprocheth:
They finde their ſpring, where winter wrongs my minde:
They weepe their brookes, I waſt my cheekes with teares.
Oh fooliſh fate, too froward and vnkinde,
Mountaines haue peace, where mournfull be my yeres:
Yet high as they my thoughts ſome hopes would borrow,

But when I count the euening end with sorrow.
Death in Minturnum threatned Marius head,
Hunger in these Numidian mountaines dwells:
Thus with preuention hauing mischiefe fled,
Old Marius findes a world of manie hells.
Such as poore simple wits haue oft repinde,
But I will quell by vertues of the minde.
Long yeres misspent in manie luckles chances,
Thoughts full of wroth, yet little worth succeeding.
These are the meanes for those whom fate aduances:
But I, whose wounds are fresh, my hart still bleeding,
Liues to intreate this blessed boone from fate,
That I might die with griefe to liue in state.
Sixe hundreth sonnes with solitarie walkes,
I still haue sought for to delude my paine,
And frendly Eccho answering to my talkes,
Rebounds the accent of my ruth againe:
She (curteous Nymph) the wofull Romane pleaseth,
Els no consorts but beasts my paines appeaseth.
Each day she answeres, in yond neighbring mountaine,
I doo expect reporting of my sorrow,
Whilst lifting vp her lockes from out the fountaine,
She answereth to my questions euen and morrow:
Whose sweete rebounds my sorrowes to remoue,
To please my thoughts I meane for to approue.
Sweet Nymph draw nere thou kind & gentle Eccho. *Eccho.*
VVhat help to ease my wearie paines haue I? *I.*
VVhat comfort in distres to calme my griefes? *griefes.*
Sweet Nymph these griefes are growne before I thought so? *I thought so.*
Thus Marius liues disdaind of all the Gods. *Oods.*
VVith deepe dispaire late ouertaken wholy, *Oly.*
And wil the heavns be neuer wel appeased? *appeased.*
VVhat meane haue they left me to cure my smart? *art.*
Nought better fits old Marius mind then war, *then war.*
Then full of hope say Eccho, shall I goe? *goe.*

Is anie better fortune then at hand. *at hand.*
Then farewell Eccho, gentle Nymph farewel. *farewell.*
Oh pleasing folly to a pensiue man.
VVell I will rest fast by this shadie tree.
VVaiting the end that fate allotteth mee. *sit downe.*

Enter Marius the sonne, Albinouanus, Cethegus, Lectorius, with souldiers.

Marius: My countrimen and fauorites of Rome,
This melancholy desart where we meete,
Resembleth well yong Marius restles thoughts.
Here dreadfull silence, solitarie caues,
No chirping birds with solace singing sweetlie,
Are harbored for delight: but from the oake
Leaueles and saples through decaying age,
The scritch-owle chants her fatall boding layes.
VVithin my brest, care, danger, sorrow dwells,
Hope and reuenge sit hammering in my hart,
The balefull babes of angrie Nemesis
Dispearse their furious fires vpon my soule.
Lector: Fie Marius, are you discontented still,
VVhen as occasion fauoreth your desire?
Are not these noble Romanes come from Rome?
Hath not the state recald your father home?
Marius: And what of this, what profit may I reape,
That want my father to conduct vs home.
Lector: My Lord, take hart, no doubt this stormie slawe
That Neptune sent to cast vs on this shore.
Shall end these discontentments at the last.
Mar:pat: VVhom see mine eyes, what is not yon my son?
Mar:in: vvhat solitarie father walketh there?
Mar:pa: It is my sonne, these are my frends I see:
vvhat haue forepining cares, so changed mee?
Or are my lookes, distempred through the paines
And agonies that issue from my hart?

Fie

Fie Marius, frolicke man, thou muſt to Rome,
There to reuenge thy wrongs and waight thy tombe.
Marius in: Now fortune frowne,& palter if thou pleaſe,
Romanes behold my father and your frend.
Oh father.
Marius pa: Marius thou art fitly met:
Albinouanus and my other frends,
VVhat newes at Rome? what fortune brought you hither?
Albino: My Lord, the Conſull Cynna hath reſtord
The doubtfull courſe of your betrayed ſtate,
And waits you preſent ſwift approch to Rome,
Your foe man Scilla poaſteth verie faſt,
VVith good ſucceſſe from Pontus to preuent
Your ſpeedie entrance into Italy.
The neighbring Cities are your verie frends,
Nought reſts my Lord, but you depart from hence.
Mar: in: How manie deſart waies hath Marius ſought,
How manie Cities haue I viſited,
To finde my father, and releeue his wants?
Marius pat: My ſonne, I quite thy trauells with my loue,
And Lords and Citizens we will to Rome,
And ioyne with Cynna haue your ſhipping here?
VVhat are theſe ſouldiers bent to die with mee?
Soul: Content to pledge our liues for Marius.
Left: My Lord, herein the next adioyning port,
Our ſhips are rigd and readie for to ſaile.
Marius pa: Then let vs ſaile vnto Hetruria,
And cauſe our frends the Germanes to reuolt,
And get ſome Tuſcans to increaſe our power.
Deſerts farewell come Romanes let vs goe,
A ſcourge for Rome that hath depreſt vs ſo. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Marke Anthonie, Lepidus, Octauius, Flaccus, Senators.

Octa. WHat helpes my Lords to ouerhale these cares?
What meanes or motions may these mischiefs end?
You see how Cynna that should succor Rome,
Hath leuied armes to bring a traitor in.
O worthlesse traitor, woe to thine and thee,
That thus disquieteth both Rome and vs.
Anth: Octauius these are scourges for our sinnes,
These are but ministers to heape our plagues:
These mutinies are gentle meanes and waies,
Whereby the heavns our heauie errors charmes.
Then with content and humbled eyes behold
The christall shining globe of glorious Ioue:
And since we perish through our owne misdeedes,
Go let vs flourish in our frutefull praiers.
Lepid: Midst these confusions mighty men of Rome,
Why wast we out these troubles all in words,
Keepe not your harmes, but wend we straight to armes,
Loe Dullia spoyld, see Marius at our gate:
And shall we die like milksops dreaming thus?
Octa: A bootles warre to see our countrey spoild.
Lep: Fruteles is dalliance whereas dangers bee.
Anth: My Lord, may courage wait on conquered men?
Lep: I euen in death most courage doth appeare.
Octa: Then waiting death I meane to soate me here,
Hoping that Consulls name and feare of lawes,
Shall iustifie my conscience and my cause.

Enter a messenger.

Now sirra, what confused lookes are these,
What tidings bringest thou of dreriment?

Messen: My Lords, the Consull Cynna with his fre[illegible]
Haue let in Marius by *Via Appia*,
Whose souldiers wast and murther all they meete,
Who with the Consull and his other frends
With expedition hasteth to this place.

Anth: Then to the downfall of my happines,
Then to the ruine of this Citie Rome.
But if mine inward ruth were laid in sight,
My streames of teares should drowne my foes despight.

Octa: Courage Lord Anthony, if Fortune please,
She will and can these troubles soone appease.
But if her backward frownes approch vs nie,
Resolue with vs with honor for to die.

Lep: No storme of fate shall bring my sorrowes downe,
But if that Fortune list, why let her frowne.

Anth: Where state's oppresst by cruell tyrants bee,
Old Anthony, there is no place for thee.

Drum strike within:

Harke, by this thundring noyse of threatning drums,
Marius with all his faction hether comes.

Enter Marius, his Sonne, Cynna, Cethegus, Lectorius with souldiers: vpon sight of whom Marke Anthony presently flies.

Octa: Then like a traitor he shall know ere long,
In leuying armes he doth his countrey wrong.

Mariuspa: And haue we got the goale of honor now,
And in despight of Consulls entred Rome?
Then rouze thee Marius, leaue thy ruthfull thoughts:
And for thy manie toiles and cares sustaind,
Afflict thy foes with twice as many paines.
Goe souldiers seeke out Bebius and his frends,
Astilius, Munitorius with the rest,
Cut off their heads, for they did crosse me once:
And if your care can compasse my decree,

Remem

Remember that ſame fugitiue Marke Anthony,
VVhoſe fatall end ſhall be my frutefull peace.
I tell thee Cynna, nature armeth beaſts
With iuſt reuenge, and lendeth in their kindes
Sufficient warlike weapons of defence:
If then by nature beaſts reuenge their wrong,
Both heauens and nature grant me vengeance now,
Yet whilſt I liue and ſucke this ſubtill aire
That lendeth breathing coolenes to my lights,
The regiſter of all thy righteous acts,
Thy paines, thy toiles, thy trauells for my ſake,
Shall dwell by kinde impreſſions in my hart,
And I with linkes of true vnfained lone
VVill locke theſe Romane fauorites in my breſt,
And liue to hazard life for their releefe.

Cyn: My Lord, your ſafe and ſwift returne to Rome,
Makes Cynna fortunate and well appaid,
Who through the falſe ſuggeſtions of my foes,
VVas made a coffer of a Conſull here:
Lo where he ſits commanding in his throue,
That wronged Marius, me, and all theſe Lords.

Mar:iu: To quite his loue, Cynna let me alone.
How fare theſe Lords that lumping pouting proud
Imagine how to quell me with their lookes.
No welcome ſirs, is Marius thought ſo baſe?
VVhy ſtand you looking babies in my face?
VVho welcomes mee, him Marius makes his frend:
VVho lowres on mee, him Marius meanes to end.

Flaccus: Happie and fortunate thy returne to Rome.

Lepidus: And long Marius liue with fame in Rome.

Marius: I thanke you curteous Lords that are ſo kinde.

Mar:iu: But why endures your Grace that brauing mate
To ſit and face vs in his roabes of ſtate.

Mar: pa: My ſonne he is a Conſull at the leaſt,
And grauitie becomes Octauius beſt.

But Cynna would in yonder emptie ſeat,
You would for Marius freedome once intreate.

Cynna preſſeth vp, and Octauius ſtaieth him.

Octa: Auant thou traitor, proud and inſolent,
How dareſt thou preſſe nere ciuill gouernment.

Mar: VVhy Maſter Conſull, are you growne ſo hot?
Ile haue a preſent cooling card for you.
Be therefore well aduiſde, and moue me not:
For though by you I was exilde from Rome,
And in the deſart from a Princes ſeate
Left to bewaile ingratitudes of Rome,
Though I haue knowne your thirſtie throates haue longd
To baine their ſelues in my diſtilling blood.
Yet Marius Sirs, hath pitie ioynd with powre:
Loe here the Imperiall Enſigne which I wield,
That waueth mercie to my wiſhers well:
And more ſee here the dangerous trote of warre,
That at the point is ſteeld with ghaſtly death.

Octa: Thou exile, threatneſt thou a Conſull then?
Lictors, goe draw him hence: ſuch brauing mates,
Are not to boaſt their armes in quiet ſtates.

Marius: Go draw me hence. VVhat no relent Octauius?

Mar: in: My Lord what hart indurate with reuenge,
Could leaue this loſſell, threatning murther thus?
Vouchſafe me leaue to taint that traitors ſeate
VVith flowing ſtreames of his contagious blood.

Octa: The fathers ſonne, I know him by his talke,
That ſcolds in words when fingers cannot walke.
But Ioue I hope will one day ſend to Rome
The bleſſed Patron of this Monarchie,
VVho will reuenge iniuſtice by his ſword.

Cynna: Such brauing hopes, ſuch curſed arguments,
So ſtrict command, ſuch arrogant controwles.
Suffer me Marius, that am Conſull now,
To doo thee iuſtice, and confound the wretch.

Mar: pat: Cynna, you know I am a priuate man,

That:

That ſtill ſubmit my cenſures to your will.

Cynna: Then ſouldiers draw this traitor from the throne,
And let him die, for Cynna wills it ſo.

Marius: I now my Cynna, noble Conſull ſpeakes,
Octauius, your checkes ſhall coſt you deare.

Octa: And let me die for Cynna wills it ſo?
Is then the reuerence of this robe contemnnd?
Are theſe aſſociates of ſo ſmall regard?
VVhy then Octauius willingly conſents,
To entertaine the ſentence of his death.
But let the proudeſt traitor worke his will,
I feare no ſtrokes, but here will ſit me ſtill.
Since iuſtice ſleepes, ſince tyrants raigne in Rome,
Octauius longs for death to die for Rome.

Cyn: Then ſtrike him where he ſits, then hale him hence.

A ſouldier ſtabs him, he is caried away.

Octa: Heauens puniſh Cynnas pride and thy offence.

Cynna: Now is he falne that threatned Marius,
Now will I ſit and plead for Marius.

Mar:pat: Thou dooſt me iuſtice Cynna, for you ſee
Theſe peeres of Rome haue late exiled mee.

Lepid: Your Lordſhip doth iniuſtice to accuſe
Thoſe who in your behalfe did not offend.

Flacc. VVe grieue to ſee the aged Marius
Stand like a priuate man in view of Rome.

Cyn: Then bid him ſit, and loe an emptie place,
Reuoke his exile, firme his gouernment,
And ſo preuent your farther detriment.

Lepid: VVe will accompt both Marius and his frends,
His ſonne and all his followers free in Rome:
And ſince we ſee the dangerous times at hand,
And here of Scillas confidence and haſt,
And know his hate and rancor to theſe Lords,
And him create for Conſull to preuent
The policies of Scilla and his frends.

Cyn: Then both confirmd by ſtate and full conſent,

The rods and axe to Marius I present,
And here inuest thee with the Consulls pall.
Flaccus: Long, fortunate and happie life betide
Old Marius in his seuenfold Consulship.
Mar: iu: And so let Marius liue and gouerne Rome,
As cursed Scilla neuer looke on Rome.
Marius pat: Then plaede in Consuls throne, you Romane (states
He takes his seate.
Recald from banishment by your decrees,
Enstald in this imperiall seate to rule,
Old Marius thankes his frends and fauorites:
From whom this finall fauor he requires,
That seeing Scilla by his murthrous blade
Brought fierce seditions first to head in Rome,
And forced lawes to banish innocents:
I craue by course of reason and desert,
That he may be proclaimd as earst was I,
A traitor and an enemie of Rome:
Let all his frends be banisht out of towne:
Then cutting off the branch where troubles spring,
Rome shall haue peace and plentie in her walls.
Cynn: In equitie it needes must be my frends,
That one be guiltie of our common harmes:
And since that Marius is accounted free,
Scilla with all his frends must traitors bee.
Mar: iu: My fathers reasons Romanes are of force:
For if you see and liue not too secure,
You know that in so great a state as this,
Two mightie foes can neuer well agree.
Lepid: Then let vs seeke to please our Consull first,
And then prepare to keep the exile out.
Cynna, as Marius and these Lords agree,
Firme this Edict, and let it passe for mee.
Cynn: Then Romanes, in the name of all this state,
I here proclaime and publish this decree:
That Scilla with his frends, allies and all,

Are baniſht exiles, traitors vnto Rome.
And to extinguiſh both his name and ſtate,
VVe will his houſe be raced to the ground,
His goods confiſcate: this our cenſures is.
Lictors proclaime this in the market place,
And ſee it executed out of hand. *Exit Lictor.*

Mar: pat: Now ſee I Senators, the thought, the care,
The vertuous zeale that leads your toward mindes,
To loue your frends and watch your common good:
And now eſtabliſht Conſull in this place,
Old Marius will foreſee aduenient harmes;
Scilla the ſcourge of Aſia as we heare
Is preſt to enter Italie with ſword,
He comes in pompe to triumph here in Rome,
But Senators you know the wauering wills,
Of fooliſh men I meane the common ſort,
VVho through report of innouations,
Or flattering humors of well tempred tongues,
VVill change and draw a ſecond miſchiefe on:
I like your care, and will my ſelfe apply
To aime and leuell at my countries weale,
To intercept theſe errors by aduice,
My ſonne yong Marius, Cethegus and my frends,
Shall to Preneſte to preuent and ſtop
The ſpeedie purpoſe of our forward foe.
Meane while ourſelues will fortifie this towne,
This beautie of the world, this maiden towne,
VVhere ſtreaming Tybris with a pleaſant tyde,
Leads out the ſtately buildings of the world.
Marius my hope, my ſonne, you know your charge,
Take thoſe Iberian legions in your traine,
And we will ſpare ſome Cymbrians to your vſe,
Remember thou art Marius ſonne, and dreame
On nought but honor and a happie death.

Mar: iu: I go my Lord in hope to make the world
Report my ſeruice, and my dutie too,

And that proud challenger of Asia,
Shall finde that Marius sonne hath force and wit.
Exit cum Cethego.

Marius pat: Goe thou as fortunate as Greekes to Troy,
As glorious as Alcides in thy toiles,
As happie as Sertorius in thy fight,
As valiant as Achilles in thy might.
Go glorious, valiant, happie, fortunate,
As all those Greekes and him of Romane state.

Enter led in with souldiers Cornelia and Fuluia.

Corn: Traitors why drag you thus a Princes wife,
As if that beautie were a thrall to fate.
Are Romanes growen more barbarous than Greekes,
That hale more greater than Cassandra now?
The Macedonian Monarch was more kinde,
That honored and relieud in warlike campe
Darius mother, daughters and his wife,
But you vnkinde to Romane Ladies now,
Perhaps as constant as the Asian Queenes,
For they subdude had frendship in disgrace,
Where we vnconquered liue in wofull case.

Mar: What plaintiffe pleas presents that Ladie there?
Why souldiers, make you prisners here in Rome?

1 Soul: Dread Consulls, we haue found Cornelia here,
And Scillas daughter posting out of towne.

Marius: Ladies of worth, both beautifull and wise,
But nere allied vnto my greatest foe:
Yet Marius minde that neuer ment disgrace,
More likes their courage than their comely face.
Are you Cornelia Madame, Scillas wife?

Corn: I am Cornelia Scillas wife: what then?

Marius: And is this Fuluia Scillas daughter too?

Fuluia: And this is Fuluia Scillas daughter too.

Mar: pat: Two welcome guests, in whom the maiestie
of my conceit and courage must consist:
What thinke you Senators and countrimen?

See here are two the faireſt ſtarres of Rome,
The deereſt dainties of my warlike foe,
VVhoſe liues vpon your cenſures doo conſiſt.
Lepid: Dread Conſull the continuance of their liues,
Shall egge on Scilla to a greater haſt.
And in bereauing of their vitall breath,
Your grace ſhall force more furie from your foe:
Of theſe extreames we leaue the choice to you.
Mar: Then thinke that ſome ſtrange fortune ſhall inſue.
Ful: Poore Fuluia, now thy happie daies are done,
In ſteed of marriage pompe, the fatall lights
Of funeralls muſt maske about thy bed.
Nor ſhall thy fathers armes with kinde embrace
Hem in thy ſhoulders trembling now for feare.
I ſee in Marius lookes ſuch tragedies,
As feare my hart, and fountaines fills mine eyes.
Corn: Fie Fuluia, ſhall thy fathers daughter faint
Before the threats of dangers ſhall approach?
Drie vp thoſe teares, and like a Romane maid,
Be bold and ſilent till our foe haue ſaid.
Marius: Cornelia wife vnto my traitor foe?
VVhat gadding mood hath forſt thy ſpeedie flight,
To leaue thy country, and forſake thy frends?
Corn: Accurſed Marius, off-ſpring of my paines,
VVhoſe furious wrath hath wrought thy countries woe:
VVhat may remaine for me or mine in Rome,
That ſee the tokens of thy tyrannies?
Vile monſter, robd of vertue, what reuenge
Is this, to wreake thine anger on the walls?
To race our houſe, to baniſh all our frends,
To kill the reſt, and captiue vs at laſt?
Thinkſt thou by barbarous deedes to boaſt thy ſtate,
Or ſpoyling Scilla to depreſſe his hate?
No Marius, but for euerie drop of blood
And inch of wrong he ſhall returne thee two.
Flaccus: Madame, in danger wiſedome doth aduiſe,

In humble termes to reconcile our foes.
Marius: She is a woman Flaccus, let her talke,
That breath forth bitter words in steed of blowes.
Corn: And in regard of that immodest man,
Thou shouldst desist from outrage and reuenge.
Lect: VVhat, can your Grace indure these cursed scoffs?
Mar: VVhy my Lectorius, I haue euer learnt,
That Ladies cannot wrong me with vpbraids.
Then let her talke, and my concealed hate,
Shall heap reuengement vpon Scillas pate.
Fulu: Let feauers first afflict thy feeble age,
Let palsies make thy stubborne fingers faint,
Let humors streaming from thy moystned braines
With cloudes of dymnes choake thy fretfull eyes,
Before these monstrous harmes assaile my syre.
Mar: Byr Ladie Fuluia, you are gaily red,
Your mother well may boast you for her owne,
For both of you haue words and scoffs at will:
And since I like the compasse of your wit,
My selfe will stand, and Ladies you shall sit:
And if you please to wade in farther words,
Lets see what brawles your memories affords.
Corn: Your Lordships passing mannerly in iest,
But that you may perceiue we smell your drift,
VVe both will sit and countenance your shift.
Mar: VVhere constancie and beautie doo consort,
There Ladies threatnings turnd to merry sport.
How fare these beautifull, what well at ease?
Ful: As readie as at first for to displease.
For full confirmd that we shall surely die,
VVe wait our ends with Romane constancie.
Mar: why think you Marius hath confirmd your death?
Ful: VVhat other frute may spring from tyrants hands?
Mar: In faith then Ladies, thus the matter stands,
Since you mistake my loue and curtesie,
Prepare your selues, for you shall surely die.

Corn:

Cornel: I Marius, now I know thou doſt not lie;
And that thou maiſt vnto thy laſting blame,
Extinguiſh in our deaths thy wiſhed fame.
Grant vs this boone that making choice of death,
VVe may be treed from furie of thine yre.
Marius: An eaſie boon, Ladies I condiſcend.
Corn: Then ſuffer vs in priuate chamber cloſe,
To meditate a day or two alone:
And tyrant if thou finde vs liuing then,
Commit vs ſtraight vnto thy ſlaughtring men.
Marius: Ladies I grant, for Marius nill denie,
A ſute ſo eaſie, and of ſuch import:
For pitie were that Dames of conſtancie,
Should not be agents of their miſerie.

Here he whiſpers Lectorius.

Lectorius, harke, diſpatch. *Exit. Lector.*
Corn: Loe Fulvia, now the lateſt doome is fixt,
And naught remaines but conſtant Romane harts,
To beare the brunt of yrkſome furies ſpight,
Rouſe thee my deare, and daunt thoſe faint conceipts,
That trembling ſtand agaſt at bitter death:
Bethinke thee now that Scilla was thy ſyre,
VVhoſe courage heauen nor fortune could abate.
Then like the off-ſpring of fierce Scillas houſe,
Paſſe with the thrice renowmed Phrigian Dame,
As to thy marriage, ſo vnto thy death:
For nought to wretches is more ſweete than death.
Ful: Madam confirmd as well to die as liue,
Fuluia awaiteth nothing but her death.
Yet had my father knowne the courſe of change,
Or ſeene our loſſe by luckie augurie,
Thys tyrant nor hys followers had liued,
To ioy the ruine of fierce Scillas houſe.
Mar: But Ladie, they that dwell on fortunes call,
No ſooner riſe, but ſubiect are to fall.
Ful: Marius I doubt not but our conſtant endes,

Shall make thee waile thy tyrants gouernment.

Marius: VVhen tyrants rule doth breed my care & woe
Then will I say two Ladies told me so.
But here comes Lectorius,
Now my Lord, haue you brought those things.

Lector: I haue noble Consull.

Mar: Now Ladies, you are resolute to die.

Corn: I Marius, for terror cannot daunt vs:
Tortors were framde to dread the baser eie,
And not t'appall a princely maiestie.

Marius: And Marius liues to triumph ore his foes,
That traine where warlike troopes amidst the plaines,
And are inclosde and hemd with shining armes,
Not to appall such princely Maiestie.
Vertue sweete Ladies is of more regard
In Marius minde where honor is inthronde,
Than Rome or rule of Romane Emperie.

Here he puts chaines about their neckes:

The bands that should combine your snow white wrests,
Are these which shall adorne your milke white neckes:
The priuate cel's where you shall end your liues,
Is Italy, is Europe, nay the world:
Th'Euxinian sea, and fierce Sicilian Gulph,
The riuer Ganges and Hydaspis streame,
Shall leuell lye, and smoothe as christall yce:
VVhilst Fuluia and Cornelia passe thereon:
The soul'diers that should guard you to your deaths,
Shall be fiue thousand gallant youths of Rome,
In purple roabes crosse bard with pales of gold,
Mounted on warlike coursers for the field,
Fet from the mountaine tops of Cortia,
Or bred in hills of bright Sardinia,
VVho shall conduct and bring you to your Lord;
Ivnto Scilla Ladies shall you goe,
And tell him Marius ho'ds within his hands,
Honor for Ladies, for Ladies rich reward,

But

But as for Silla and for his compeeres
VVho dare gainſt Marius vaunt their golden creſts,
Tell him for them old Marius holds reuenge,
And in his hands both triumphs life and death.
Corn: Doth Marius vſe with glorious words to ieſt,
And mocke his captiues with theſe gloſing tearmes?
Mar: No Ladies, Marius hath ſought for honour with his ſword,
And holds diſdaine to triumph in your fals.
Liue Cornelia, liue faire and faireſt Fuluia:
If you haue done or wrought me iniurie,
Scilla ſhall pay it through his miſerie.
Fuluia: So gratious (famous Conſull) are thy words,
That Rome and we ſhall celebrate thy worth,
And Scilla ſhall confeſſe himſelfe orecome.
Corn: If Ladies praiers or teares may mooue the heauens,
Scilla ſhall vow himſelfe old Marius frend.
Mar: Ladies for that I nought at all regard,
Scilla's my foe, Ile triumph ouer him,
For other conqueſt glorie doth not win.
Therefore come on, that I may ſend you vnto Scilla. *Exeunt*

Enter a clowne drunke with a pint of wine in his hand, and two or three ſouldiers.

1 ſoul: Sirrha, dally not with vs, you know where he is.
Clowne: O ſir, a quart is a quart in any mans purſe, and drinke is drinke, and can my maſter liue without his drinke I pray you?
2 ſoul: You haue a maſter then ſirrha?
Clowne: Haue I maſter thou ſcondrell? I haue an Orator to my maſter, a wiſe man to my maſter. But fellowes, I muſt make a parentheſis of this pint pot, for words make men dry: now by my troth I drinke to Lord Anthonie.
3 ſoul: Fellow ſouldiers, the weaknes of his braine hath made his tongue walke largely, we ſhall haue ſome noueltie by and by.

Clowne: Oh moſt ſurpaſſing wine, thou marow of the vine,
More welcome vnto me, than whips to ſchollers bee,
Thou art and euer was a meanes to mend an aſſe,
Thou makeſt ſome to ſleep, and manie mo to weep,
And ſome be glad & merry, with heigh down derry, derry.
Thou makeſt ſome to ſtumble, and many mo to fumble:
And me haue pinkie nine, more braue and iolly wine: (ho.
What need I praiſe thee mo, for thou art good with heigh.

3 ſoul: If wine then be ſo good, I pree thee for thy part,
Tell vs where Lord Anthony is, & thou ſhalt haue a quart.

Clow. Firſt ſhal the ſnow be black, & pepper loſe his ſmack
And ſtripes forſake my backe, firſt merrie drunke with ſack,
I will go boaſt and tracke, and all your coſtards cracke,
Before I doo the knacke ſhall make me ſing alacke:
Alacke the old man is wearie, for wine hath made him mer-
(rie: with a heigh ho,

1 ſoul: I pre thee leaue theſe rymes, and tell vs where thy maſter is.

Clown: Faith where you ſhall not bee vnles ye goe with mee. But ſhall I tell them ſo? O no ſir, no, no, no, the man hath manie a foe, as farre as I doo know: you doo not flout me I trow. See how this licor fumes, & how my force preſumes. You would know where Lord Anthonie is? I perceiue you. Shall I ſay he is in yond farme houſe? I deceiue you. Shall I tell you this wine is for him? the gods forfend, and ſo I end. Go fellow fighters theres a bob for ye.

2 ſoul: My maſters, let vs follow this clowne, for queſtionles this graue orator is in yonder farme houſe. But who commeth yonder?

Enter old Anthonie.

Anth: I wonder why my peaſant ſtaies ſo long,
And with my wonder haſteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am aſſaild with feare,
And by my feare await with faintful breath
The final period of my paines by death.

1 ſoul

1 ſoul: Yonds the man we ſeeke for (ſouldiers) vnſheath your ſwords, and make a riddance of Marius ancient enemie.

Clowne: Maſter flie, flie, or els you ſhall die: a plague on this wine hath made me ſo fine, and will you not be gone, then Ile leaue you alone, and ſleepe vpon your woe, with a lamentable heigh ho. *Exit.*

Anth: Betraid at laſt by witles ouerſight,
Now Anthony, prepare thy ſelfe to die:
Loe where the monſtrous miniſters of wrath
Menace thy murther with their naked ſwords.

2 ſoul: Anthonie well met, the Conſull Marius with other confederate Senators, haue adiudged thee death, therfore prepare thy ſelfe, and thinke we fauor thee in this little protraction.

Anth: Immortall powers that know the painefull cares,
That waight vpon my poore diſtreſſed hart,
O bend your browes and leuill all your lookes
Of dreadfull awe vpon theſe daring men.
And thou ſweet neece of Atlas on whoſe lips
And tender tongue, the pliant Muſes ſit,
Let gentle courſe of ſweet aſpiring ſpeech,
Let honnie flowing tearmes of wearie woe,
Let frutefull figures and delightfull lines
Enforce a ſpring of pitie from their eyes,
Amaſe the murthrous paſſions of their mindes,
That they may fauour wofull Anthonie.
Oh countrimen what ſhal become of Rome,
VVhen reuerend dutie droopeth through diſgrace?
Oh Countrimen, what ſhal become of Rome,
VVhen woful nature widdow of her ioyes,
VVeepes on our wals to ſee her lawes depreſt?
Oh Romaines hath not Anthonies diſcourſe,
Seald vp the Mouthes of falſe ſeditious men,

Aſſoiled

Assoild the doubts and queint controlls of powre,
Releeud the mournfull matrone with his pleas?
And will you seeke to murder Anthonie?
The Lions brooke with kindnes their releefe,
The sheep reward the shepheard with their fleece:
Yet Romanes seeke to murder Anthony.

1 soul: Why what enchanting termes of arte are these?
That force my hart to pitie his distresse.

2 soul: His action, speech, his fauor, and his grace,
My rancor rage and rigor doth deface.

3 soul: So sweet his words that now of late me seemes
His art doth draw my soule from out my lips.

Anth: VVhat enuious eies reflecting nought but rage,
VVhat barbarous harte refresht with nought but blood,
That rents not to behold the sensles trees
In doaly season drooping without leaues?
The shepheard sighs vpon the barrain hills
To see his bleating lambs with faintfull lookes.
Behold the vallies robd of springing flowres,
That whilom wont to yeeld them yerely food.
Euen meanest things exchangd from former state,
The vertuous minde with some remorse doth mate.
Can then your eyes with thundering threats of rage,
Cast furious gleames of anger vpon age?
Can then your harts with furies mount so hie,
As they should harme the Romane Anthonie?
I farre more kinde than sensles tree haue lent
A kindly sap to our declining state,
And like a carefull shepheard haue foreseene
The heauie dangers of this Citie Rome,
And made the citizens the happie flocke
Whom I haue fed with counsailes and aduice,
But now those lockes that for their reuerend white,
Surpasse the downe on Aesculapius chin:
But now that tongue whose termes and fluent stile
For number past the hoasts of heauenly fires:

But

But now that head within whose subtill braines
The Queene of flowring eloquence did dwell:

Enter a Captaine.

These lockes, this tongue, this head, the life and all,
To please a tyrant traitrously must fall.

Capt: VVhy how now soldiers is he liuing yet?
And will you be bewitched with his words?
Then take this fee false Orator from me, *stab him.*
Elizium best beseemes thy faintfull lims.

Anth: Oh blissfull paine, now Anthony must die,
VVhich serud and loud Rome and her Emperie. *moritur*

Capt: Goe curtall off that necke with present stroke,
And straight present it vnto Marius.

1 soul: Euen in this head did all the Muses dwell:
The bees that sate vpon the Grecians lips,
Distild their honnie on his tempred tongue.

2 soul: The christall dew of faire Castalian springs,
VVith gentle floatings trickled on his braines:
The Graces kist his kinde and curteous browes,
Apollo gaue the beauties of his harpe,

Enter Lectorius pensiue.

And melodies vnto his pliant speech.

Cap: Leaue these presumptuous praises, countrimen,
And see Lectorius pensiue where he comes.
Loe here my Lord the head of Anthony,
See here the guerdon fit for Mariusfoe,
Whom dread Apollo prosper in his rule.

Lector: Oh Romanes, Marius sleepes among the dead,
And Rome laments the losse of such a frend.

Cap: A sodaine and a wofull chance my Lord,
VVhich we intentiue faine would vnderstand.

Le: Thogh swolne with sighs my hart for sorrow burst,
And tongue with teares and plaints bechoaked vp,
Yet will I furrow forth with forced breath
A speedie passage to my pensiue speech.
Our Consull Marius, worthie souldiers,

Of late within a pleasant plot of ground,
Sate downe for pleasure nere a christall spring,
Accompanied with manie Lords of Rome:
Bright was the day, and on the spredding trees
The frolicke citizens of forrest sung
Their layes and merrie notes on pearching boughes:
When suddenly appeared in the East,
Seauen mightie Eagles with their tallents fierce,
Who wauing oft about our Consulls head,
At last with hideous crie did scare away.
When suddenly old Marius all agast,
With reuerent smile determinde with a sigh
The doubtfull silence of the standers by.
Romanes (said he) old Marius now must die.
These seuen faire Eagles, birds of mightie Ioue,
That at my birth day on my cradle sate,
Now at my last day arme me to my death:
And loe I feele the deadly pangs approach.
What should I more? in briefe, with manie praiers
For Rome, his sonne, his goods and lands disposd,
Our worthie Consull to our wonder dide.
The Citie is amazde, for Scilla hasts
To enter Rome with furie, sword, and fire.
Goe, place that head vpon the Capitoll,
And to your wards, for dangers are at hand. *Exit.*
Capt: Had we foreseene this luckles chance before,
Old Anthonie had liude and breathed yet. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

A great skirmish in Rome and long, some slaine. At last enter Scilla triumphant with Pompey, Metellus, Citizens, souldiers.

Scilla: Now Romanes after all these mutinies,
Seditions, murthers, and conspiracies,

Inja-

Imagine with vnpartiall harts a flaſt
V Vhat frutes proceed from theſe contentious brawles
Your ſtreetes, where earſt the fathers of your ſtate
In robes of purple walked vp and downe,
Are ſtrewd with mangled members, ſtreaming blood.
And why? the reaſons of this ruthfull wrack,
Are your ſeditious innouations,
Your fickle mindes inclinde to fooliſh change.
Vngratefull men, whilſt I with tedious paine
In Aſia ſeald my dutie with my blood,
Making the fierce Dardanians faint for feare,
Spredding my cullers in Galatia,
Dipping my ſword in the Enetans blood,
And foraging the fields of Phocida.
You cald my foe from exile with his frends,
You did proclaime me traitor here in Rome,
You racde my houſe, you did deface my frends.
But brauling wolues, you cannot byte the moone,
For Scilla liues ſo forward to reuenge,
As woe to thoſe that ſought to doo me wrong.
I now am entred Rome in ſpite of force,
And will ſo hamper all my curſed foes,
As be he tribune, Conſull, Lord or Knight
That hateth Scilla, let him looke to die.
And firſt to make an entrance to mine yre,
Bring me that traitor Carbo out of hand.

Bring in Carbo bound.

Pomp. Oh Scilla, in reuenging iniuries,
Inflict the paine where firſt offence did ſpring,
And for my ſake eſtabliſh peace in Rome,
And pardon theſe repentant Citizens.

Scilla: Pompey, I loue thee Pompey, and conſent
To thy requeſt, but Romanes haue regard,
Leaſt ouer-reaching in offence againe,
I load your ſhoulders with a double paine.

Exeunt Citizens.

Put Pompey see where iolly Carbo comes
Footing it featly, like a mightie man,
What no obeisance sirrha to your Lord?
My Lord? No Scilla, he that thrice hath borne
The name of Consull scornes to stoop to him,
Whose hart doth hammer nought but mutinies.
Pomp: And doth your Lordship then disdaine to stoope
Carbo: I to mine equall Pompey as thou art.
Scilla: Thine equall villaine, no he is my frend,
Thou but a poore anatomie of bones,
Casde in a knauish tawny withred skin:
Wilt thou not stoop? art thou so stately then?
Carbo: Scilla, I honor gods, not foolish men.
Sci: Then bend that wythered bough that will not break
And souldiers cast him downe before my feete:
They throw him downe.
Now prating sir, my foote vpon thy necke,
Ile be so bold to giue your Lordship checke.
Beleeue me souldiers, but I ouer-reach,
Old Carbos necke at first was made to stretch.
Carbo: Though bodie bend, thou tyrant most vnkinde,
Yet neuer shalt thou humble Carbos minde.
Scilla: oh sir, I know for all your warlike pith,
A man may marre your worship with a wyth.
You sirrha leuied armes to doo me wrong:
You brought your legions to the gates of Rome:
You fought it out in hope that I would faint.
But sirrha, now betake you to your bookes,
Intreate the Gods to saue your sinfull soule,
For why this carcasse must in my behalfe
Goe feast the rauens that serue our augures turne.
Me thinkes I see alreadie how they wish,
To bait their beakes in such a iolly dish.
Carbo: Scilla thy threates and scoffes amate me not:
I pre thee let thy murthrers ha'e me hence,
For Carbo rather likes to die by sword,

Than

rhan liue to be a mocking ſtocke to thee.
Scilla: The man hath haſt good ſouldiers take him hence,
It would be good to alter his pretence.
But be aduiſde, that when the foole is ſlaine,
You part the head and bodie both in twaine.
I know that Carbo longs to know the cauſe,
And ſhall: thy bodie for the rauens, thy head for daws.
Carbo: O matchles ruler of our Capitoll,
Behold poore Rome with graue and piteous eie,
Ful-fild with wrong and wretched tyrannie.
Exit Carbo cum militibus.

Enter Scipio and Norbanus, Publius Lentulus.

Scill: Tut the proud mans praier wil neuer pierce the ſkie.
But whether preſſe theſe mincing Senators?
Norbanus: VVe preſſe with praiers, we come with mourn (full teares;
Intreating Scilla by thoſe holy bands
That linkes faire Iuno with her thundring Ioue,
Euen by the bounds of hoſpitalitie,
To pitie Rome afflicted through thy wrath.
Thy ſouldiers (Scilla) murder innocents.
O whither will thy lawles furie ſtretch,
If little ruth enſue thy countries harmes.
Scilla: Gay words Narbonus, full of eloquence,
Accompanied with action and conceipt.
But I muſt teach thee iudgement therewithall.
Dar'ſt thou approch my preſence that haſt borne
Thine armes in ſpight of Scilla and his frends?
I tell thee fooliſh man thy iudgement wanted
In this preſumptuous purpoſe that is paſt:
And loytering ſcholler, ſince you faile in art,
Ile learne you iudgement ſhortly to your ſmart.
Diſpatch him ſouldiers, I muſt ſee him die.
And you Carinna, Carbos ancient frend,
Shall follow ſtraight your heedles Generall.
And Scipio were it not I loud thee well.

Thou

Thou shouldst accompanie these slaues to hell:
But get you gone, and if you loue your selfe. *Exit Scipio.*
Carinna: Pardon me Scilla, pardon gentle Scilla.
Scilla: Sirrha, this gentle name was coynd too late,
And shadowed in the shrowds of byting hate.
Dispatch: why so, good fortune to my frends,
As for my foes, euen such shall be their ends.
Conueigh them hence Metellus, gentle Metellus,
Fetch me Sertorius from Iberia,
In dooing so, thou standest me in stead,
For sore I long to see the traitors head.
Metell: I goe confirmd to conquer him by sword,
or in th'exployt to hazard life and all.
Scilla: Now Pompey let me see, those Senators
Are dangerous stops of our pretended state,
And must be curtald least they grow too proud,
I doo proscribe iust fortie Senators,
Which shalbe leaders in my tragedie.
And for our Gentlemen are ouer proud,
Of them a thousand and sixe hundreth die,
A goodlie armie meete to conquere hell.
Souldiers performe the course of my decree,
Their friends my foes, their foes shalbe my friends,
Go sell their goods by trumpet at your wills,
Meane while Pompey shall see and Rome shall rue,
The miseries that shortly shall ensue.

Exit.

Alarum skirmish a retreat, enter young Marius vppon the walles of Preneste with soone souldiers all in blacke and wonderfull mellancoly.

Marius: Oh endles course of needy mans auaile,
VVhat sillie thoughts, what simple pollicies
makes man presume vpon this traiterous life?
Haue I not seene the depth of sorrow once,
And then againe haue kist the Queene of chaunce,

Oh Marius thou Tillitius and thy frends,
Haſt ſeene thy foe diſcomfetted in fight.
But now the ſtarres haue formde my finall harmes,
My father Marius lately dead in Rome,
My foe with honour doth triumph in Rome,
My freends are dead and baniſhed from Rome,
I Marius father freends more bleſt then thee:
They dead, I liue, I thralled they are free,
Here in Preneſte am I cooped vp,
Amongſt a troope of hunger ſtaiued men,
Set to preuent falſe Scillaes fierce approach.
But now exempted both of life and all.
VVell Fortune ſince thy fleeting change, hath caſt
Pore Marius from his hopes and true deſiers,
My reſolution ſhall exceed thy power,
Thy coloured wings ſteeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath diſtainde in purple blood,
Thy royall Robes waſht in my purple blood
Shall witnes to the world thy thirſt of blood,
And when the tyrant Scilla ſhal expect
To ſee the ſonne of Marius ſtoope for feare,
Then then, Oh then my minde ſhal well appeare,
That ſcorne my life and hold mine honour deare.

Alarum a retreat.

Harke how theſe murtherous Romaine viper like,
Seeke to betray their fellow Cittizens,
Oh wretched world from whence with ſpeedie flight,
True loue, true zeale, true honour late is fled.

Iould: VVhat makes my Lord ſo careleſſe and ſecure,
To leaue the breach and here lament alone?

Mar: Not feare my frend for I could neuer flie,
But ſtuddy how with honor for to die.
I pray thee cal the cheefeſt Cittizens.
I muſt aduiſe them in a waightie cauſe,
Here ſhal they meete me and vntill they come,

I wil goe view the danger of the breach.

Exit Marius and the ſouldiers.

Enter with drum and ſouldiers Lucretius with other Romanes, as Tuditanus &c.

Lucretius: Say Tuditanus, didſt thou euer ſee
So deſperate defence as this hath been:
Tudit: As in Numidia tygers wanting food,
Or as in Libia Lions full of yre,
So fare theſe Romanes on Preneſte wals.
Lucret: Their valure Tuditanus and reſiſt,
the manlike fight of yonger Marius,
Makes me amazd to ſee their miſeries,
And pitie them although they be my foes.
What ſaid I foes? O Rome with ruth I ſee
thy ſtate conſumde through folly and diſſention.
Well ſound a parle, I will ſee if words
Can make them yeeld, which will not flie for ſtrokes.

Sound a parle, Marius vpon the wals with the Citizens.

Marius: What ſeeks this Romane warrior at our hands?
Lucr: That ſeekes he Marius, that he wiſheth thee:
An humble hart, and then a happie peace.
Thou ſeeſt thy fortunes are depreſt and downe,
thy vittels ſpent, thy ſouldiers weake with want,
the breach laid open readie to aſſault,
Now ſince thy meanes and maintenance are done,
Yeeld Marius, yeeld, Preneſtians be aduiſde,
Lucretius is aduiſde to fauor you.
I pre thee Marius marke my laſt aduice,
Relent in time, let Scilla be thy frend:
So thou in Rome maiſt lead a happie life,
And thoſe with thee ſhall pray for Marius ſtill.
Mar: Lucretius, I conſider on thy words,
Stay there awhile thou ſhalt haue anſwere ſtraight.
Lucretius: Apollo grant that my perſwaſions may,

Preſerue

Preſerue theſe Romane ſouldiers from the ſword.
Marius: My frends and citizens of Preneſte towne,
You ſee the wayward working of our ſtarres,
Our harts confirmd to fight, our victuals ſpent.
If we ſubmit, its Scilla muſt remit,
A tyrant, traitor, enemie to Rome,
Whoſe hart is guarded ſtill with bloodie thoughts.
Theſe flattring vowes Lucretius here auowes,
Are pleaſing words to colour poyſoned thoughts.
What will you liue with ſhame, or die with fame?
1 Cit: A famous death, my Lord delights vs moſt.
2 Cit: We of thy faction (Marius) are reſolud
To follow thee in life and death together.
Marius: VVords full of worth, beſeeming noble mindes
The verie Balſamum to mend my woes.
Oh countrimen, you ſee Campania ſpoild,
A tyrant threatning mutinies in Rome,
A world diſpoyld of vertue, faith and truſt.
If then no peace, no libertie, no faith,
Conclude with me, and let it be no life.
Liue not to ſee your tender infants ſlaine,
Theſe ſtately towers made leuell with the land,
This bodie mangled by our enemies ſword:
But full reſolud to doo as Marius doth,
Vnſheath your ponyards, and let euerie frend,
Bethinke him of a ſouldierlike farewell.
Sirrha, diſplay my ſtanderd on the wals,
And I will anſwere yond Lucretius,
VVho loueth Marius, now muſt die with Marius.
Luer: VVhat anſwere wil your Lordſhip then return vnto
Marius: Lucretius, we that know what Scilla is,
How diſſolute, how trothles and corrupt:
In briefe conclude to die before we yeeld:
But ſo to die (Lucretius marke me well)
As loath to ſee the furie of our ſwords
Should murther frends and Romane citizens,

Fie countrimen, what furie doth infect
Your warlike bosomes, that were wont to fight
VVith forren foes, not with Campanian frends?
Now vnadusedyouth must counsaile eld:
For gouernance is banisht out of Rome.
Woe to that bough from whence these bloomes are sprung,
VVoe to that Aetna, vomiting this fire:
VVoe to that brand, consuming Countries weale:
*W*oe to that Scilla, careles and secure,
That gapes with murther for a Monarchie.
Goe second Brutus with a Romane minde,
And kill that tyrant: and for Marius sake
Pitie the guiltles wiues of these your frends,
Preserue their weeping infants from the sword,
*W*hose fathers seale their honors with their bloods.
Farewell Lucretius, first I presse in place *stab.*
To let thee see a constant Romane die.
Prenestians, loe a wound, a fatall wound,
The paine but small, the glorie passing great. *againe.*
Prenestians see a second stroke: why so.
I feele the dreeping dimnes of the night,
Closing the couerts of my carefull eies,
Follow me frends: for Marius now must die
*W*ith fame, in spight of Scillas tyrannie. *moritur.*

1 Cit: *W*e follow thee our chiefetaine euen in death,
Our towne is thine Lucretius: but we pray
For mercie for our children and our wiues. *moritur.*

2 Cit: O saue my sonne Lucretius, let him liue. *moritur.*

Lucretius: A wondrous and bewitched constancie,
Beseeming Marius pride and haughtie minde,
Come let vs charge the breach, the towne is ours
Both male and female put them to the sword:
So please you Scilla, and fulfill his word. *Exeunt*

A little skirmish, a retreat: enter in royaltie Lucretius.

Lucret: Now Romanes we haue brought Preneſte low,
And Marius ſleepes amidſt the dead at laſt:
So then to Rome my countrimen with ioy,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our fight,
Thoſe priſners that are taken, ſee forthwith
VVith warlike iauelins you put them to death.
Come let vs march, ſee Rome in ſight my harts,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our warre.

Enter Scilla, Valerius Flaccus: Lepidus, Pompey, Citizens Guard: Scilla ſeated in his reabes of ſtate is ſaluted by the Citizens, &c.

Flaccus: Romanes you know, and to your greefes haue (ſeene
A world of troubles hatched here at home,
VVhich through preuention being welnigh croſt
By worthie Scilla and his warlike band:
I Conſull with theſe fathers thinke it meet
To fortifie our peace and Cities weale,
To name ſome man of worth that may ſupply
Dictators power and place, whoſe maieſtie
Shall croſſe the courage of rebellious mindes.
VVhat thinke you Romanes, will you condiſcend?
Scilla: Nay Flaccus, for their profits they muſt yeeld,
For men of meane condition and conceipt
Muſt humble their opinions to their lords.
And if my frends and Citizens conſent
Since I am borne to manage mightie things,
I will (though loth) both rule and gouerne them.
I ſpeake not this as though I wiſh to raigne,
But for to know my frends: and yet againe
I merrit Romanes farre more grace than this.
Flaccus: I countrimen, if Scillas powre and minde
If Scillas vertue, courage and deuice,
If Scillas frends and fortunes merit fame,
None then but he ſhould beare Dictators name.

Pompey: VVhat think you Citizens, why stand ye mute?
Shall Scilla be Dictator here in Rome?

Citizens: By full consent Scilla shalbe Dictator.

Flacens: Then in the name of Rome I here present
The rods and axes into Scillas hand,
And fortunate proue Scilla our Dictator.

Trumpets sound: crie within Scilla Dictator.

Scilla: My fortunes Flaccus cannot be impeacht,
For at my birth the plannets passing kinde
Could entertaine no retrograde aspects.
And that I may with kindnes quite their loue,
My countrimen I will preuent the cause,
Gainst all the false encounters of mishap.
You name me your Dictator, but prefixe
No time, no course, but giue me leaue to rule,
And yet exempt me not from your reuenge:
Thus by your plesures being set aloft,
Straight by your furies I should quickly fall.
No Citizens, who readeth Scillas minde,
Must forme my titles in another kinde.
Either let Scilla be Dictator euer,
Or flatter Scilla with these titles neuer.

Citizens: Perpetuall be thy glorie and renowne,
Perpetuall Lord Dictator shalt thou bee.

Pompey: Hereto the Senate frankly doth agree.

Scilla: Then so shall scilla raigne you Senators,
Then so shall Scilla rule you Citizens:
As Senators and Citizens that please mee
Shall be my frends, the rest cannot displease mee.

Enter Lucretius with souldiers.

But see whereas Lucretius is returnde.
Welcome braue Romaine where is Marius?
Are these Prenestians put vnto the sword.

Lucre: The Cittie noble Scilla raced is,
And Marius dead not by our swords my Lord,
But with more constancie than Cato died.

Scilla:

Scilla: VVhat constancie and but a verie boy,
VVhy then I see he was his fathers sonne,
But let vs haue this constancie described.
Lucr: After our fearce assaults, and their resist,
Our seige, their salying out to stop our trench:
Labor and hunger raying in the towne,
The yonger Marius on the Cities wall,
Vouchsafte an interparle at the last:
VVherein with constancie and courrage too,
He boldly armed his freends him selfe to death,
And spreading of his coloures on the wall,
For answere saide he could not brooke to yeeld,
Or trust a tyrant such as Scilla was.
Scilla: VVhat did the bransicke boy vpbraid me so?
But let vs heare the rest Lucretius.
Lucre: And after great perswasions to his freends
And worthy resolution of them all:
He first did sheath his ponyard in his breast,
And so in order dyed all the rest.
Scilla: Now by my sword this was a worthy ieste,
Yet silly boy I needs must pittie thee,
VVhose noble minde could neuer mated bee.
Beleeue me countrymen a sodaine thought,
A sodaine change in Scilla now hath wrought.
Old Marius and his sonne were men of name,
Nor Fortunes laughes, nor lowers their minds could tame,
And when I count their fortunes that are past,
I see that death confirmde their fames at last.
Then he that striues to manage mightie things,
Amidst his triumphes gaines a troubled minde.
The greatest hope the greater harme it bringes:
And pore men in content their glory finde.
If then content be such a pleasant thing,
VVhy leaue I country life to liue a king?
Yet Kings are Gods and make the proudest stoope,
Yee but themselues are still pursude with hate:

And men were made to mount and then to droope.
Such chances wait vpon incertaine fate,
That where she kisseth once shee quelleth twice,
Then who so liues content is happy wise.
VVhat motion moueth this Philosophy?
Oh Scilla see the Ocean ebbs and floats.
The spring-time wanes when winter draweth nie.
I, these are true and most assured notes.
Inconstant chance such tickle turnes hath lent,
As who so feares no fall, must seeke content.
Flaccus: VVhilst grauer thoughts of honor should allure,
VVhat maketh scilla muse and mutter thus? (thee?
scilla: I that haue past amidst the mightie troopes
Of armed legions through a world of warre,
Doo now bethinke me Flaccus on my chance,
How I alone where manie men were slaine,
In spite of Fate am come to Rome againe,
And lo I wield the reuerend stiles of state,
Yea, Scilla with a becke could breake thy necke.
VVhat Lord of Rome hath darde as much as I?
Yet Flaccus knowst thou not that I must die?
The laboring sisters on the weary Loombs,
Haue drawne my webb of life at length I know:
And men of witt must thinke vpon their tombes.
For beasts with careles steps to Lethe goe:
Where men whose thoughts and honors clime on hie,
Liuing with fame, must learne with fame to die.
Pomp: What lets my Lord in gouerning this state,
To liue in rest, and die with honor too?
ssilla: What lets me Pompey? why my curteous frend,
Can he remaine secure that weilds a charge?
Or thinke of wit when flatterers doo commend?
Or be aduisde that careles runs at large?
No Pompey, honnie words makes foolish mindes,
And poyre the greatest wit with error blindes.
Flaccus, I murdred Anthonie thy frend,

Romane.

Romanes; some here haue lost at my commaund
Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Allies,
And thinke you Scilla thinking these misdeeds,
Bethinks not on your grudges and mislike?
Yes Countrimen I beare them still in minde.
Then Pompey were I not a silly man,
To leaue my Rule and trust these Romans than?
Pompey: Your Grace hath small occasions of mistrust,
Nor seeke these Citizens for your disclaime.
scilla: But Pompey now these reaching plumes of pride,
That mounted vp my fortunes to the Clowds,
By graue conceits shall straight be laid aside,
And scilla thinks of farre more simple shrowds.
For hauing tride occasion in the throne,
Ile see if she dare frowne when state is gone.
Loe senators, the man that sate alott,
Now deignes to giue inferiors highest place.
Loe here the man whom Rome repined oft,
A priuate man, content to brooke disgrace,
Romanes, loe here the axes, rods and all,
Ile master fortune, least she make me thrall.
Now who so list accuse me, tell my wrongs,
Vpbraid me in the presence of this state.
Is none these iolly Citizens among,
That will accuse or say I am ingrate.
Then will I say and boldly boast my chaunces,
That nought may force the man whom Fate aduances.
Flaccus: what meaneth scilla in this sullen moode,
To leaue his titles on the sodaine thus?
scilla: Consull I meane with calme and quiet mind,
To passe my daies while happy death I finde.
Pomp: What greater wrong, than leaue thy countrey so?
scilla: Both it and life must scilla leaue in time.
Cit: Yet during life haue care of Rome and vs.
scilla: O wanton world that flatterst in thy prime,
And breathest balme and poyson mixt in one,

See how these wauering Romaines wisht my raigne,
That whylom fought and fought to haue me slaine,
My Countrymen this Cittie wants no store
Of Fathers warriors to supp lie my roome,
So grant me peace and I will die for Rome.

Enter two Burgers to them Poppey and Curtall.

Curtall: These are verie indiscreet counsailes neighbor Poppey, and I will follow your miladuisement.

Poppey: I tell you goodman Curtall the wenche hath wrong, oh vaine world, oh fooliſh men, could a man in nature cast a wench downe, and disdaine in nature to lift hir vp again? could he take away hir dishonestie without bouncing vp the banes of matrimonie? oh learned Poet wel didst thou write Fustian verse.

These maides are dawes that goe to the lawes and a babe in the belly.

Cur: Tut man tis the way the world must follow, for maides must be kinde, good husbands to finde.

Poppey: But marke the fierce if they swell before, it will grieue them sore. but see yondes Master scilla, faith a prettie fellow is a.

Scilla: what seekes my countrymen? what would my freendes?

Curt: Nay sir your kinde words shall not serue the turne, why thinke you to thrust your soldiers into our kindred with your curtesies sir.

Poppey: I tel you Master scilla my neighbour wil haue the Law, he had the right he wil haue the wrong for therein dwels the Law.

Consull: what desires these men of Rome?

Cur: Neighbour sharpen the edge tole of your wits vpon the whetstone of indiscretion that your wordes may shaue like the rasers of Palermo, you haue learning with ignorance therefore speake my tale.

Popp. Then worshipfull Master Scilla, be it knowne vnto you, that my neighbors daughter Doritie was a maid of restoritie, faire fresh and fine as a merrie cup of wine. Her eies like two potcht egges, great and goodly her legs, but marke my dolefull dittie, alas for woe and pittie: a souldier of yours vpon a bed of flowers, gaue her such a fall, as she lost maidenhead and all. And thus in verie good time I end my rudefull rime.

Scilla: And what of this my frend, why seeke you mee,
Who haue resignd my titles and my state
To liue a priuate life as you doo now?
Goe moue the Consull Flaccus in this cause,
VVho now hath power to execute the lawes.

Curtall: And are you no more Master dix cator, nor Generalitie of the souldiers?

Scilla: My powers doo cease, my titles are resignd,

Curtall: Haue you signd your titles? O base minde, that being in the powles steeple of honor, hast cast thy selfe into the sinke of simplicitie. Fie beast, were I a king, I would day by day sucke vp white bread and milke, and go a ietting in a iacket of silke, my meat shou'd be the curds, my drinke should be the whey, and I wold haue a mincing lasse to loue me euerie day.

Poppey: Nay goodman Curtall, your discretions are verie simple, let me cramp him with a reason. Sirrha, whether is better good ale or small beere? Alas see his implicitie that cannot answere me: why I say ale.

Curtall: And so say I neighbor.

Poppey: Thou hast reason, ergo say I tis better be a King than a clowne. Faith master Scilla, I hope a man maye now call ye knaue by authoritie.

Scilla: VVith what impatience heare I these vpbraides
That whilome plagude the least offence with death.
Oh Scilla these are stales of desteny,
By some vpbraids to try thy constancie.
My friends these scornes of yours perhaps will moue,

The next Dictator ſhun to yeeld his ſtate,
For feare he finde as much as Scilla doth.
But Flaccus, to preuent their further wrong,
Vouchſafe ſome Lictor may attach the man,
And doo them right that thus complaine abuſe.

Flaccus: Sirrha, goe you and bring the ſouldier
That hath ſo looſly leant to lawles luſt,
VVe will haue meanes ſufficient be aſſurd
To coole his heate, and make the wanton chaſt.

Curtall: We thanke your maſterſhip: come neighbour, let vs iog, faith this newes will ſet my daughter Dorothie a gog. *Exeunt cum Lictore.*

Scilla: Graue Senators and Romanes, now you ſee
The humble bent of Scillas changed minde.
Now will I leaue you Lords, from courtly traine
To dwel content amidſt my country caue,
VVhere no ambitious humors ſhall approch,
The quiet ſilence of my happy ſleepe.
Where no delicious Iouiſance or toyes,
Shall tickle with delight my tempered eares,
But wearying out the lingering day with toile,
Tyring my veines and furrowing of my ſoule.
The ſilent night with ſlumber ſtealing on
Shall locke theſe carefull cloſets of mine eies.
Oh had I knowne the height of happines,
Or bent mine eies vpon my mother earth:
Long ſince O Rome had Scilla with reioyce
Forſaken armes to leade a priuate life.

Flaccus: But in this humblenes of minde my Lord,
VVhereas experience prooude and Art doo meete,
How happy were theſe faire Italian fields,
If they were graced with ſo ſweete a ſunne:
Then I for Rome and Rome with me requires,
That Scilla will abide and gouerne Rome.

Scilla: O Flaccus, if th'Arabian Phœnix ſtriue
By natures warning to renue her kinde,

VVhen ſoaring nie the glorious eye of heauen,
Shee from her cinders doth reuiue her ſexe.
VVhy ſhould not Scilla learne by her to die?
That earſt haue beene the Phœnix of this land.
And drawing neere the ſunne-ſhine of content,
Periſh obſcure to make your glories growe.
For as the higher trees do ſhield the ſhrubs,
From poſting Phlegons warmth and breathing fire,
So mighty men obſcure each others fame,
And make the beſt deſeruers fortunes game.

Enter Genius.

But ah what ſodaine furies doo affright?
VVhat apparitious fantaſies are theſe?
Oh let me reſt ſweete Lords, for why me thinks,
Some fatall ſpells are ſounded in mine eares.

Genius: *Subſequitur tua mors: priuari lumine Scillam,*
Numina Parcarum tam fera precipiunt.
Precipiunt fera iam Parcarum numina, Scillam,
Lumine priuari, mors tua ſubſequitur.
Elyſium petis, ô fœlix! & fatidici aſtri:
Præſcius Heroas, ô petis innumeros!
Innumeros petis ô Heroas! præſcius aſtrò
Fatidici: & fœlix, ô petis Elyſium!

Euaneſcit ſubitò.

Scilla: *Ergóne poſt dulces annos properantia fata?*
Ergóne iam tenebræ præmia lucis erunt?
Attamen, vt vitæ fortunam gloria mortis
Vincat, in extremo funere cantet olor.

Pom: How fares my Lord? what dreadful thoughts are theſe
VVhat doubtfull anſweres on a ſodaine thus?

Scilla: Pompey the man that made the world to ſtoope,
And fettered fortune in the chaines of powre,
Muſt droope and draw the Chariot of Fate
Along the darkſome bankes of Acheron.
The heauens haue warnd me of my preſent fall.
Oh call Cornelia forth, let Scilla ſee

His daughter Fuluia ere his eyes be shut.

Exit one for Cornelia.

Flaccus: VVhy Scilla, where is now thy wonted hope
In greatest hazard of vnstaied chance?
VVhat shall a little biting blast of paine
Blemish the blossomes of thy wonted pride?

Scilla: My Flaccus, worldly ioyes and pleasures fade,
Inconstant time like to the fleeting tide
VVith endles course mans hopes doth ouer-beare?
Nought now remaines that Scilla faine would haue,
But lasting fame when bodie lies in graue.

Enter Cornelia, Fuluia.

Cornelia: How fares my Lord? how doth my gentle Scilla?

Scilla: Ah my Cornelia passing happie now,
Free from the world, allied vnto the heauens,
Not curious of incertaine chaunces now.

Cornelia: VVords full of woe still adding to my griefe,
A cureleſſe crosse of many hundreth harmes.
Oh let not Rome and poore Cornelia loose,
The one hir frend, the other her delight.

scilla: Cornelia, man hath power by some instinct
And gracious reuolution of the starres,
To conquer kingdomes not to master fate:
For when the course of mortall life is runne,
Then Clotho ends the web hir sister spun.
Pompey, Lord Flaccus, fellow senators,
In that I feele the faintfull deawes of death
steeping mine eies within their chilly wet,
The care I haue of wife and daughter both,
Must on your wisedomes happily relie.
VVith equall distribution see you part,
My lands and goods betwixt these louely twaine.
Onely bestow a hundred thousand Sestercies,
Vpon my friends and fellow souldiers.
Thus hauing made my finall testament,
Come Fuluia let thy father lay his hand,

Vpon thy louely bosome and intreat
A vertuous boone and fauour at thy hands.
Faire Romane maide, see that thou wed thy faires,
To modest vertuous and delightfull thoughts:
Let Rome in viewing thee behold thy sire,
Honour Cornelia from whose fruitfull woombe,
Thy plenteous beauties sweetly did appeare,
And with this Lesson louely maide farewell.
Fulvia: oh tedious and vnhappy chance for me.
scilla: Content thee Fulvia, for it needes must bee.
Cornelia I must leaue thee to the world,
And by those loues that I haue lent thee oft,
In mutuall wedlocke rytes and happie warre.
Remember Scilla in my Fulvia still:
Consull farewell, my Pompey I must hence,
And farewel Rome, and Fortune now I blesse thee,
That both in life and death wouldst not oppresse mee. *dies.*
Cornelia: oh hideous stormes of neuer danted fate,
Now are those eyes whose sweet reflections coold
The smothered rancors of rebellious thoughts
Clad with the sable mantles of the night.
And like the tree that robd of sunne and showres
Mournes desolate withouten leafe or sap:
so poore Cornelia late bereft of loue,
Sits sighing, haples, ioyles and forlorne.
Fulvia: Gone is the flower that did adorne our fields,
Fled are those sweete reflections of delight,
Dead is my Father, Fulvia dead is hee
In whom thy life, for whom thy death must bee.
Flaccus: Ladies, to tyre the time in restles mone
VVere tedious vnto frends and nature too,
Sufficeth you that Scilla so is dead,
As fame shall sing his power though life be fled.
Pompey: Then to conclude his happines my Lords,
Determine where shall be his Funerall.
Lepidus: Euen there where other Nobles are interd.

Pompey: VVhy Lepidus what Romane euer was,
That merited so high a name as hee?
Then why with simple pompe and funerall
VVould you intombe so rare a paragon?
Corn: An vrne of gold shall hem his ashes in,
The Vestall virgins with their holy notes
Shall sing his famous (though too fatall) death.
I and my Fuluia with dispersed haire
VVill waight vpon this noble Romanes hearse.
Fuluia: And Fuluia clad in blacke & mournfull pale
VVill waight vpon her fathers funerall.
Pomp: Come beare we hence this trophee of renowne,
VVhose life, whose death was farre from fortunes frowne.

Exeunt omnes.

The Funeralls of Scilla in great pompe.

Deo iuuante, nil nocet liuor malus:
Et non iuuante nil iuuat labor grauis.

FINIS.